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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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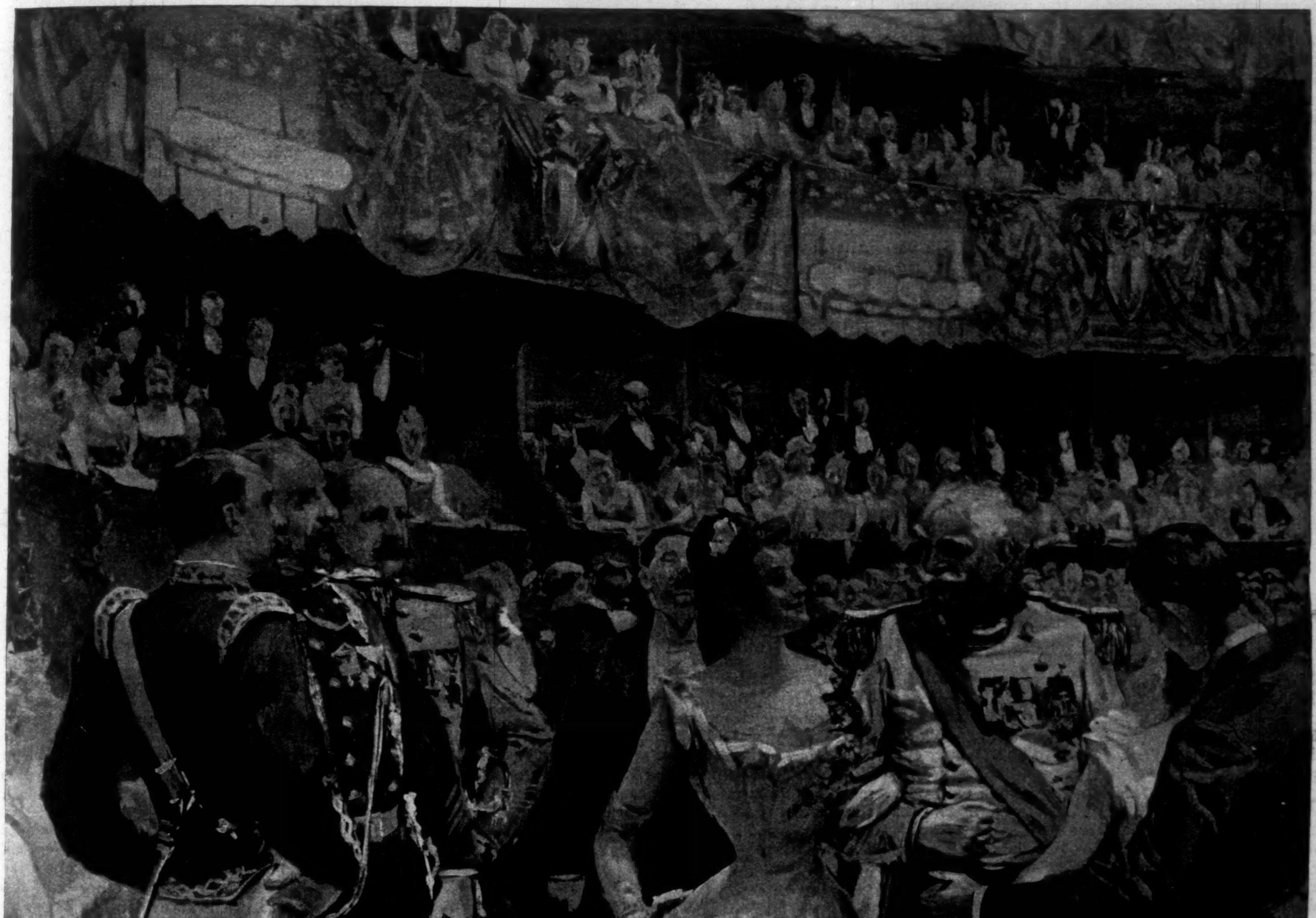

THE OLD GUARD BALL.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 127.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(Twenty-Four Pages.)

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WHY WAS CHILI HOSTILE?

THE message of the President upon the trouble with Chili suggests one question which should be very carefully considered. It is a question which the President evidently foresaw would be asked, and for which he therefore provided an answer. The President said, and the statement must be true if the ultimatum was justifiable, that the incidents of the murderous assault at Valparaiso showed "that the attack was upon the uniform—the nationality—and not upon the men"; and Mr. Blaine, in his instructions to Mr. Egan, affirms that the riot was "an attack upon the uniform of the United States navy, having its origin and motive in a feeling of hostility to the government, and not in any act of the sailors or of any of them." The question is this: Why has this little South American republic, with which we have been upon most friendly terms, just after our Pan-American overtures and professions, suddenly conceived such a sentiment of hostility toward us that the sight of our national uniform upon a company of sailors in the streets of Valparaiso inflames the mob to a murderous assault upon them, while the Chilian authorities address our government in a tone so unfriendly that it is stigmatized as offensive by us, and after delays, during which warlike preparations are hastily made upon both sides, the angry situation culminates in a peremptory demand from us, and apparently imminent war? There must be either some real reason for this exasperation upon the part of Chili, which it is our business as an honorable nation to investigate before going to extremities, or a misunderstanding which friendly deliberation would certainly adjust.

The President offered as an explanation of the Chilian hostile feeling that it was probably due to the refusal of our government to acknowledge the Congressional party before it had established itself, to the seizure of the *Itata*, to the cable incident, and to the charge that Admiral Brown conveyed information to Balmaceda of the Congressionalist landing at Quinteros, which led immediately to Balmaceda's defeat. The President stated generally, in reply to these surmises, that during the Chilian difficulty our government took precisely the position that we required of other governments during our civil war, and that the charge against Admiral Brown was merely base. There are, however, other facts which were not mentioned by the President. When the Congressional agent came to this country and bought arms and shipped them on the *Itata*, he was wholly within the law, as Secretary Blaine told Balmaceda's Minister. Yet without any violation of law, and without any evidence that she was to be used by the Chilians as a ship of war, the *Itata* was seized by us, and when she escaped, was actually pursued by us with such an air of hostility that she was surrendered by Chili. That this proceeding was without warrant, either in our own law or in the law of nations, will not be denied, and that the Chilian Congressionalists, although unable to do anything, were deeply and naturally wounded by such conduct cannot be doubted. Again, it is not denied, we believe, that Mr. Egan was confident that Balmaceda would succeed, and that he so informed our government almost up to the moment of Balmaceda's complete and conclusive defeat. Mr. Egan, before the fall of Balmaceda, was peculiarly obnoxious to the Congressional party, although he had been of service to some of them; and after the Congressionalists triumphed, our legation sheltered some of the Balmacedist chiefs, although our government has constantly refused to recognize the right of asylum. Yet throughout the contest Mr. Egan, the known personal friend of Balmaceda, fully assured of his success, and acting accordingly, was the sole representative of the United States to the Chilian people, and his attitude of practical want of sympathy, to state the fact as lightly as possible, was confirmed to them by the exceptionally hostile treatment of the *Itata*.

In other words, the attitude of this country and its government seemed to the people of Chili to be as far from friendly as that of the British government toward us during our civil war. The Chilians have been, and not unnaturally, greatly irritated; and if the assault in Valparaiso was due to an inimical feeling toward this country, it was a feeling not without explanation upon an observation of the facts. It is most probable that Mr. Egan, either through dulness or unconsciously influenced by his sympathies, did misinform our government of the actual situation and prospects in Chili, and it is certain that he was an extremely distasteful person to the new government. That fact was plainly stated in this journal and elsewhere, and upon satisfactory authority. If our government had amicably accepted the situation, had recalled Mr. Egan, and replaced him under the new Chilian government by an American Minister of high character carrying the cordial welcome of the great republic to its smaller sister, the Chilian feeling would have been friendly instead of hostile, and the lamentable event which has brought us to the verge of war would have been avoided. Had our disposition been really friendly, had there been no politics in the business, nothing but a determination of honorable peace, Chili would not have been forced into the dilemma in which she was unfortunately placed, and we should have been spared this absurd result of our proposed Pan-American millennium of last year.

"I AM A DEMOCRAT."

THE only remark of Senator Hill's which is familiar is that which he made in a speech at Brooklyn during the Presidency of Mr. Cleveland, "I am a Democrat." It was received with partisan rapture, but it seemed to be a very flat and feeble remark, as if he had solemnly proclaimed, "I am a biped." But its significance has become constantly more plain, until the noted exclamation is now seen to be not unlike that of Louis the Fourteenth, "I am the state." It is now clear that no man in the country represents more truly than Senator Hill the average character, spirit, and actual aims of his party. His peculiar ascendency and quality in this respect could not be illustrated more strikingly than by the fact that he has just been received with the highest honor in the city of New York by the Manhattan Club, which represents the Democratic sentiment that has been accounted especially hostile to him, and that simultaneously with his triumph the *North American Review*, a periodical of other antecedents, publishes an elaborate defence of Tammany Hall and an exposition of the Hill political ethics, ostensibly by the boss of Tammany, but generally attributed to its counsel and orator, Mr. Bourke Cockran.

Senator Hill, having by hook and crook made the administration of the State government completely Democratic, went to Washington, where he was received by his party friends like a conquering hero. He returned to New York to enjoy his unique triumph, and to marshal the Democratic hosts in a State Convention to advance still farther the great object of his career, his nomination to the Presidency. His ascendency is only emphasized by the futile gibes of his opponents at his course. Senator Hill is aware that he is at the height of his party power in New York. He knows that this is the moment to make the great stroke of securing the delegation of the State in the nominating Convention. He is sure now of securing it, but delay might be harmful. He does, therefore, what Mr. Conkling did in 1880, when he was similarly bent upon a purpose. He calls the State Convention to meet in February—it is a mere question of expediency—and the delegation will be practically solid for Senator Hill as the candidate of the State whose vote is essential to victory, and it will be instructed to vote in the Convention as a unit.

If these are peanut politics, all other politicians will take to peanutting. Senator Hill knows that he has warm opponents in his party in New York. But, "I am a Democrat," and he knows that should he be nominated they will scold and swear and vow—and vote for him. They will do what he knows that he would do. The Reform Club especially honors Mr. Cleveland. It deplores the power of Senator Hill. It calls aloud for education and organization. It protests and affirms and thinks independence and rebellion. But when election day comes, and it is Democratic success and the hope of tariff reform on one side, and Republican power and the McKinley tariff on the other, the Reform Club will grieve and groan and vote for the regular party candidate. That is the spirit which Senator Hill had in mind when he said, "I am a Democrat." According to Senator Hill, it is the party, and not a principle or a cause, which, in the main and upon the whole, determines the action of Democrats. This conviction caused Senator Hill, who is conscious that it is true of himself, to say with profound sincerity, "I am a Democrat." It is because this is true of both parties and of party in general that the public welfare demands an element of independence in the community to prevent the worst excesses of party. If Republican and Democratic sneers could suppress this independence and force every voter to become a partisan, the perils of party control foreseen by Washington would instantly appear. It is the consciousness of party men that there will be always such an independent body, whose force cannot be estimated, and which they consequently fear, that is the conservative restraint upon the inevitable results of the party system as set forth in the Croker article.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

THE committee of the trustees of Columbia College, of which President Low is chairman, have made an admirably lucid report upon the contemplated change of site. The committee, besides President Low, is composed of Mr. W. C. Schermerhorn, Dr. Dix, Mr. G. L. Rives, and Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, a body of gentlemen whose opinion upon the subject may be safely regarded as sound and just. They say in effect that a great university cannot be developed upon the present site, which is already too small for its present needs; and since it must move, whither shall it go? The city is unquestionably the best place for the prosecution of the many and various schemes of study belonging to a great university. The city attracts students and teachers, and teachers make the school, and a great city is full of the great institutions, museums, libraries, etc., which are in their nature subsidiary to a university system. The college and the university could not be wisely separated. Separation would very largely increase expense, and it would be fatal to the common use by students of all the associated schools, and to that unity of administration under which all the great historic universities have grown up. Moreover, Columbia is coeval with the city under the Union. It is the ancient representative of higher education and the intellectual life in the city, and that relation, in the vital interest of the community, should continue, and in a manner and form corresponding to the greater metropolitan New York.

A site must be selected, therefore, within the city, and the trustees have secured the refusal of one of the most advantageous. It is bounded by the Boulevard and Amsterdam Avenue, 116th and 120th streets, and is 775 feet in width by about 980 in length, more than twice the size of Madison Square. Compared with the grounds occupied by other colleges, it is about the size of the Harvard yard, and nearly twice the size of the Yale campus. Within its limits could be placed all the quadrangles of the three largest colleges of Oxford or Cambridge. It is as near to some of the associated schools as the present situation. It is lofty and of a noble prospect, free from the annoyance of passing railroad trains, yet near the means of rapid transit. The estate comprises twenty acres, largely and richly wooded, of a level surface, although elevated, and its commanding position singularly fitted for architectural effects. The intersecting streets upon the property are closed by act of the Legislature, and there is no reason to suppose that they will be again opened. The neighbors of the college buildings would be the Episcopal cathedral and the Grant monument, and the neighborhood would become a general resort.

This would be unquestionably an appropriate, ample, and permanent site for the university. The price asked is $2,000,000. What are the financial prospects of securing it? Any estimate of the value of the present property of the college is conjectural, but a high one would be insufficient for the cost of the land. Even if the present reserve fund would pay for the removal and for fitting to the purposes of the college the buildings now standing upon the ground, yet the erection at once of other buildings would be imperative. There is evidently a large sum of money to be raised to enable Columbia to avail herself of the alluring opportunity which is now opened. For this assistance the sole dependence now visible is the public spirit of the city. The munificence of New York is splendidly illustrated in a hundred forms. Schools, libraries, museums, are among its chief monuments. But a university which should be to the New York of to-day what Columbia College was to the city of a hundred years ago, would be the crown of its metropolitan institutions. Other important cities have such great schools famous through the world, and a truly great city still lacks a chief renown while such a school is wanting. The appeal is strongly made by those who represent the substantial interests of New York, and the response will be a test of its generous public spirit.

BROKEN PLEDGES.

THE removal of Postmaster Flood at Elmira seems to have been made simply as a political move, and not in the public interest, in direct violation of President Harrison's distinct pledges in regard to such removals. Mr. Flood's was a political appointment, and he probably superseded an officer appointed in the same way, and both were doubtless as satisfactory as the third man will be. But upon this system there is no reason why a fourth postmaster should not follow in May, and a fifth in August. There is, however, something else in the matter which is very offensive.

Postmaster Flood was removed upon charges made by post-office inspectors. The charges were not published, and the postmaster himself was refused knowledge of them. He is thus removed upon secret *ex parte* allegations, without a hearing or a trial. The charges were made known to the secret tribunal of the Senate, and one of its members says that they were trivial. But whether contemptible or important, justice, fair play, and a manly honor demanded that the postmaster should know them. Such treatment of a public officer is a national disgrace. If he had done what was worthy of removal, the facts should have been made known. That they were not made known constitutes the strongest presumption that they did not justify removal, and that the President was ashamed to disclose them.

This unmanly business of hunting up some official misconduct to mask political removals drew great odium upon the Post-office Department during the Cleveland administration, and was strongly denounced by President Harrison, who was then a Senator. It is one of the meanest aspects of the spoils system. If a postmaster is removed for a political purpose, why try to hide it? The effort is a confession that the act is disgraceful. It is a confession that the Executive violates his duty. For when the appointing power is intrusted to him, it is upon the moral understanding that he will exercise it always for reasons legitimately connected with the public welfare. It is by such an act as this at the Elmira post-office, and not by extending the classified system to the Indian school service, that the value of the President's pledges and the quality of his interest in reform are shown.

RAILWAY CASUALTIES.

The third annual report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission is full of valuable and interesting statistics. No details in it are more certain to attract general attention than those of railway accidents, which is the subject of recent papers by Henry Cabot Lodge and H. G. Prout, editor of the *Railroad Gazette*. It is certainly comforting for travellers to know that the casualties to persons on railroads from train accidents alone are only about eight or nine per cent. of the total casualties, and that about one-half of all persons killed upon railroads in the United States are trespassers on the tracks and right of way, as Mr. Prout tells us. The Inter-State Commission says that a passenger riding continuously on a train might expect immunity from death by railway accident for 158 years, but an engineer, a brakeman, or a conductor under the same conditions must expect a fatal accident at the expiration of thirty-five years.

Mr. Lodge speaks with great energy of the great number of casualties from coupling and uncoupling cars—"a perilous business," as he calls it, which he would have remedied by legislation. Upon this point the report of the Inter-State Commission says that the number of such casualties during the year was 7842, of which 369 were fatal. One of the tables of the report is a summary of railway accidents showing the proportion of the whole number of employés and passengers for one killed and injured. For this purpose the country is divided into districts.

The report says of the summary that it proves beyond question that passenger traffic is much safer in the States east of Chicago and north of the Ohio and Potomac rivers than in any other portion of the country, and that if the States south of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi River be compared with that portion of the country lying west of a line drawn west of Chicago to New Orleans *viâ* St. Louis, greater safety must be accorded to travel in the latter territory. Thus in Division I. the number of passengers carried for one passenger killed is 2,519,851; in Division II. the number of passengers carried for one passenger killed is 838,555; and in Division III. the number of passengers carried for one passenger killed is 975,925. The number of miles travelled safely for one death by accident is 47,000,000, 31,000,000, and 37,000,000, respectively, for the territorial divisions named. The details and comparisons in these observations are curious and valuable for all students of statistics, and have been prepared, evidently, with great care.

CHILD-SAVING LEGISLATION.

Professor Wayland, Dean of the Yale Law School, and a profound student of crime and criminals, read a striking and valuable report at the late annual meeting of the National Prison Association. Professor Wayland was chairman of the Criminal Law Reform Committee, and his report dealt with child-saving legislation. The importance of the subject he illustrates by the remark of Major McClaughry, formerly the warden of the Joliet Prison, in Illinois, afterward the head of the new reformatory in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, and now chief of the Chicago police, who attributes the appalling increase of the criminal class in this country to "criminal parentage and association, and neglect of children by their parents."

Professor Wayland says that we are manufacturing criminals at a rate limited only by the amount of raw material at our disposal. He gives a very vivid description of the conditions under which the children grow up, and of the early organization of some of them as criminals. His account of the boys' training-school for burglars recalls Fagin's academy of crime. There are others, who are not happy enough to die, or vigorous enough to adopt a career of crime, who are the most pitiable victims of this cruel condition, from which the two hundred thousand professional criminals and the vast horde of paupers, vagrants, and thieves proceed.

For a remedy Professor Wayland thinks that we must look farther than compulsory education, reform schools, and still milder devices. He quotes Mr. Charles Martindale, who, in a recent paper, points out that the infant does not "belong" to his parents, but is a subject of the state, and that when the parent is guilty of cruelty or exposes his child to corruption and contamination, the state may and does intervene, and deprives him of its custody. The object of child-saving legislation is the protection and preservation of society, and with this view it has begun already in several States. In Indiana, where the Charity Organization of Indianapolis stated that it had knowledge of five hundred white children, all of whom within five years would become criminals, prostitutes, or paupers, the Legislature has taken action, and a board of three men and women has been appointed in each county by the Circuit Court, which may assume charge of children under fifteen who are practically left to destruction, and indenture them as apprentices or place them in families for adoption. Professor Wayland approves the law, but would make it mandatory. "The right is clear enough; the power is broad enough; the duty is plain enough." The community must be shown that no parent has an inalienable right to brutalize his children and threaten society; but "we must not be unduly idle while the forces of evil are diabolically busy." This is a kind of socialism which will be apt to find many adherents.

WILD AND WOOLLY POLITICS.

Mr. John E. Clarcy, of Des Moines, Iowa, offers himself as a candidate for the Mayoralty of that city in an unmistakable manner. He is a young business man of independent political views, and of an original turn in preparing political manifestoes:

> "I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the vacancy that has existed in the office of Mayor of this city for nearly two years. An effort is to be made to fill the vacancy in about two months; I'll be on hand as material for the purpose.
>
> "In thus announcing my candidacy I wish to declare it to be my own voluntary act and deed. I haven't been coerced, persuaded, prevailed upon, or in any way induced by outside pressure to enter the field as a candidate. 'Many Friends' hasn't been to see me. 'Leading Citizens' hasn't even spoken to me. (I use the plural in a singular sense.) Except to the extent of the votes of seventeen anonymous citizens, and possibly some of them women, reported in the *Review's* columns last week, I am not aware of any effort yet made to bring me out. I am able to go it alone, and have come out myself. I state this explicitly, so as to relieve any of my friends of any suspicion of complicity in this act of unbending.
>
> "It is said that a good man can't be had as Mayor for the fifteen-hundred-dollar salary attached to the office. Well, he can't, if you figure the thing out on a ten hours per day and every work-day in the year basis. But there is such a thing as getting fifteen hundred dollars' worth of a good man's time for the place, and I am a candidate on that basis. Some men are willing to take the office and put in too much time for the compensation specified, but I propose putting in less time, harder work, and more ability. I wish to be entirely frank with the public. If elected, I shall have office hours, and my services, except in emergencies, will be given during those hours and none others. I will be in the Mayor's chair from 8 to 10 A.M. and from 4 to 5 P.M., or something like that. By introducing what would at present be an innovation, a little business system, a little of the business-despatching quality, and a little of the letting alone of politics as a side-issue quality, I think the work can ordinarily be done in three hours of the day."

After a delightfully frank statement of the manner in which he shall discharge his official duty, and reciting the announcement made in several instances of citizens of Des Moines who had left that city, "that it was to accept a position at Washington tendered by Mr. J. S. Clarkson," the cheerful candidate adds:

> "My first official act, after election, will be to try and induce Mr. J. S. Clarkson to offer Mr. Billy Christy an extremely lucrative position at Washington, D. C. I think it barely possible that if he should, Mr. Christy would resign. The responsibility for the perpetuity of our municipal fabric would then rest in a measure upon the shoulders of a council composed of talent like that of Alderman Smith, of the East Side, and some other talent of a different character. Of course the change would be in the line of experiment, but I'm in favor of the experiment. We will have to lose Christy some time, for death is an impartial leveller, and we'd better try running the government awhile without him while he is alive, for then, if an emergency arises, we can get advice from him by letter.
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> "I am pretty busy, and haven't time to stop and tell everybody I meet on the street just how I stand on every issue that is now or that may come before the city executive, and so in part two of my announcement I will make as clear as I can my views and position on certain questions. In the mean time, I shall be glad to receive inquiries from citizens as individuals or from corporations. My answers will not be evasive in any respect, if I know myself. If the Gas Company, Water Company, Electric Light companies, Street Car Company, or any other corporation, has any interests to further or schemes to push, and would like to know what my attitude will be, I'll do my best to answer their questions on the subject in understandable if not Bostonian English. I will be equally as frank with Mr. Fred Hubbell as to any schemes, characteristically philanthropical or nefarious, that he may be interested in. When I am Mayor I want to be freed from any embarrassment that may result from misconceptions or surmises as to my 'position.'"

This method of nomination might secure as good a Mayor for Des Moines as if Tammany Hall should provide one.

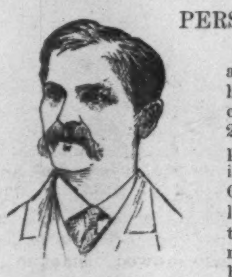
A SAGACIOUS OBSERVER.

There is no wiser observer and critic of public affairs than Goldwin Smith. A shrewd Canadian says that there are three parties in his country—the Tories, the Liberals, and Goldwin Smith. He is, however, not ambitious of the honor of being regarded as a party leader, for he thinks that party spirit is the root of much of the public mischief of the time—a view which is shared by so many as possibly to constitute a party. It is curious how sluggish is the real interest of the United States in its northern neighbor, and that our activities are mainly directed to greater intimacy and closer trade relations with our Southern neighbors, who are essentially alien.

In a recent interview Goldwin Smith says that union between the United States and Canada is, nevertheless, only a question of time, and that objections would not be confined to either side of the line. As for domestic politicians in Canada, there is little choice of honesty between the parties. Mercier, the chief minister of Quebec, who was turned out of office for unquestionable corruption, and now appeals to the people for vindication, is no more corrupt than the Tories who pursue him. The Tory government is corrupt to the core, Goldwin Smith says, and Sir John Macdonald is known to have taken bribes. But the Tories have money, and the power of corporation and of granting titles, and it will be very difficult for the Liberals to dislodge them. The defeat or success of Mercier at the election would be of little significance, and the Canadian prospect is not cheerful except in the direction of annexation, which would be a happy solution.

Suddenly turning to our situation, Goldwin Smith said sarcastically that he should think Americans would wish to avoid war with Chili, if it were only to avoid a larger pension list. Any monarchical government that should impose upon a country such a pension burden as ours would be overthrown in a day. It exceeds the amount spent upon their standing armies by the largest military powers. The observer did not say, but he might have said truly, that the burden is due mainly to party spirit. The United States are not wanting in patriotic gratitude, but the enormous pension burden is a political and partisan, not a patriotic, imposition upon American industry.

PERSONAL.

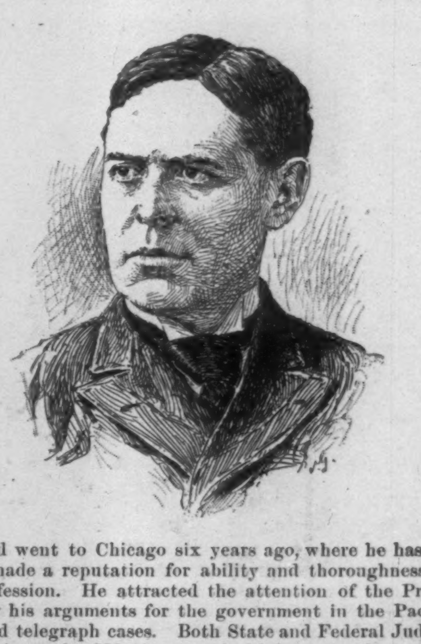


General Henry A. Barnum, a New York soldier of the most heroic gallantry, died in this city, aged fifty-nine, on January 29th. He was almost shot to pieces during the late war, but, in spite of all, served to the end. Offered a colonelcy in the regular army, he declined, and entered civil life, where he filled many important places, the last being Port Warden of this city. His conspicuous daring won him a gold medal from Congress.

—Mr. F. R. Leyland, who died recently in London, was the owner of the famous "pre-Raphaelite mansion" described in Theodore Child's *Art and Criticism*. His collection of Italian pictures was of the choicest, the like of which can be found only in the great museums of Europe; and nowhere else, whether in museums or private houses, is there so complete a collection of the modern masters, Rossetti and Burne-Jones. His house was filled also with other works of art, rich antique furniture, rare bric-à-brac, etc., such as a man of exquisite taste and unlimited means would possess. The announcement that all these pictures and beautiful things will be sold at auction next May should be of special interest to such Americans as wish to enrich their private collections or add to the treasures of our public art museums.

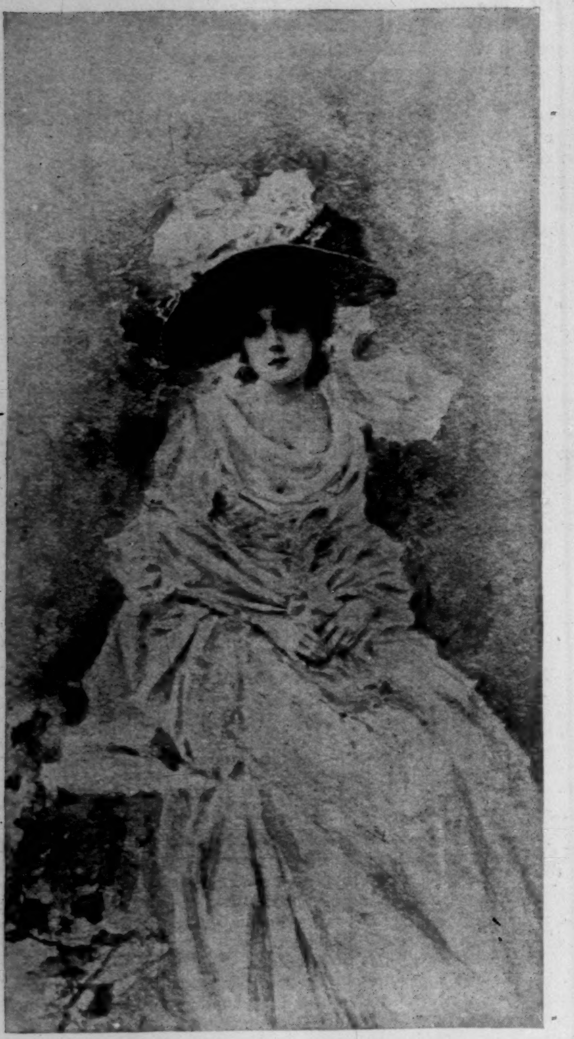
—The two little negroes in Francis Wilson's company, who are and have been exciting so much comment, were found by him in Washington, where they danced and sang in the streets, picking up a few pennies in that way. Mr. Wilson brought them to New York, bought an entire outfit for them, including shoes, stockings, under-clothes, etc.; and after getting everything he thought they could possibly need, he asked them if there was anything else they wished for. The boys held a whispered conference, when at last the bolder of the two piped up, "We want canes." Mr. Wilson sends them to school and to Sunday-school, and often has them out at his country home to spend the day. Their wages are sent weekly to Mr. Wilson's agent in Washington, who gives to each lad's mamma a weekly stipend on her son's account, paying the rest to the landlord direct, lest the money should be misapplied.

—The new Solicitor-General to succeed Mr. Taft, who has been made a Judge of the Federal Court of Appeals, is Mr. C. H. Aldrich, of Chicago. Mr. Aldrich is an Indiana man, just a little over forty years old, and was graduated from Ann Arbor. He practised first in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and went to Chicago six years ago, where he has already made a reputation for ability and thoroughness in his profession. He attracted the attention of the President by his arguments for the government in the Pacific Railroad telegraph cases. Both State and Federal Judges in Illinois speak of Mr. Aldrich in high terms of commendation.

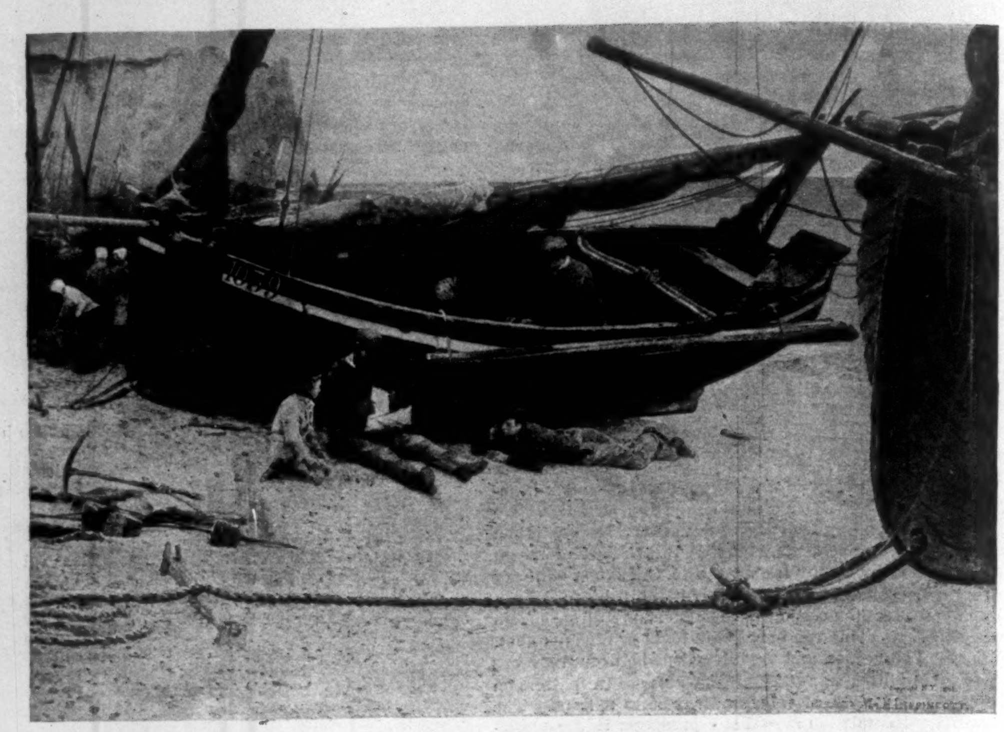


—Joseph Jefferson's plantation in New Iberia, Louisiana, where Mr. Cleveland has recently passed a brief outing, is, from all accounts, one of the most charming winter homes in the South. The plantation lies on an island, where ten thousand orange-trees grow, and where the air is scented with the fragrance of every variety of tropical flower, while wild fowl abound and the waters are alive with fish. The residence is an old manor-house remodelled in the style of an Italian villa and furnished in great luxury. It commands a superb view from the hill on which it is situated, over the shining lake below and the broad expanse of the Gulf beyond.

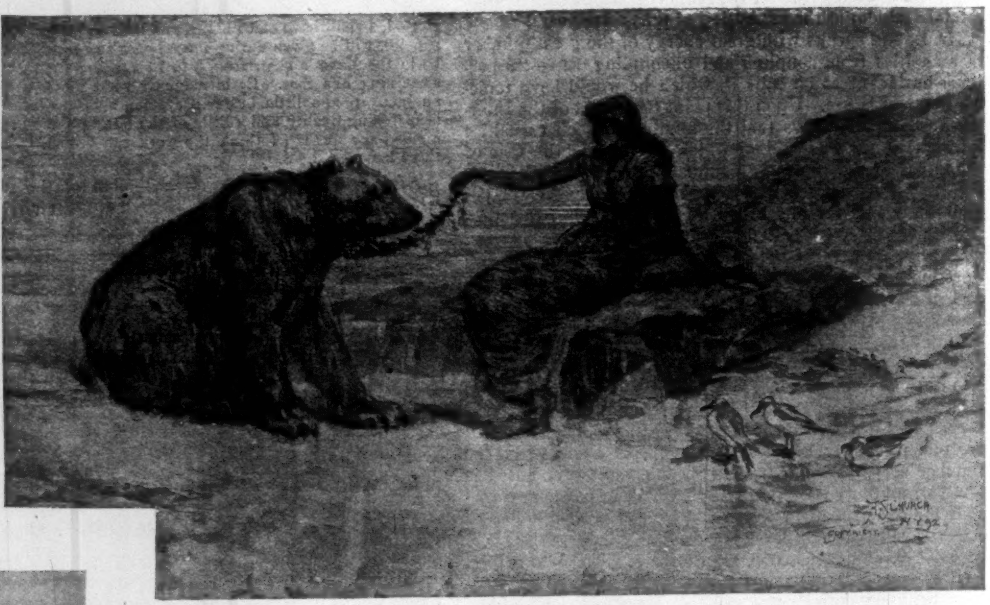
—It is reported to have seemed like old times when Mr. Edmunds appeared on the floor of the Senate the other day and exchanged greetings with his former associates and comrades. The ex-Senator was present in Washington to argue a law case before the Supreme Court, where his practice frequently brings him. His earnings from the law are large, for he is reported to accept no smaller retainer than $2000 for cases of importance; but he is a man of generous instincts, and his accumulated fortune is by no means great.



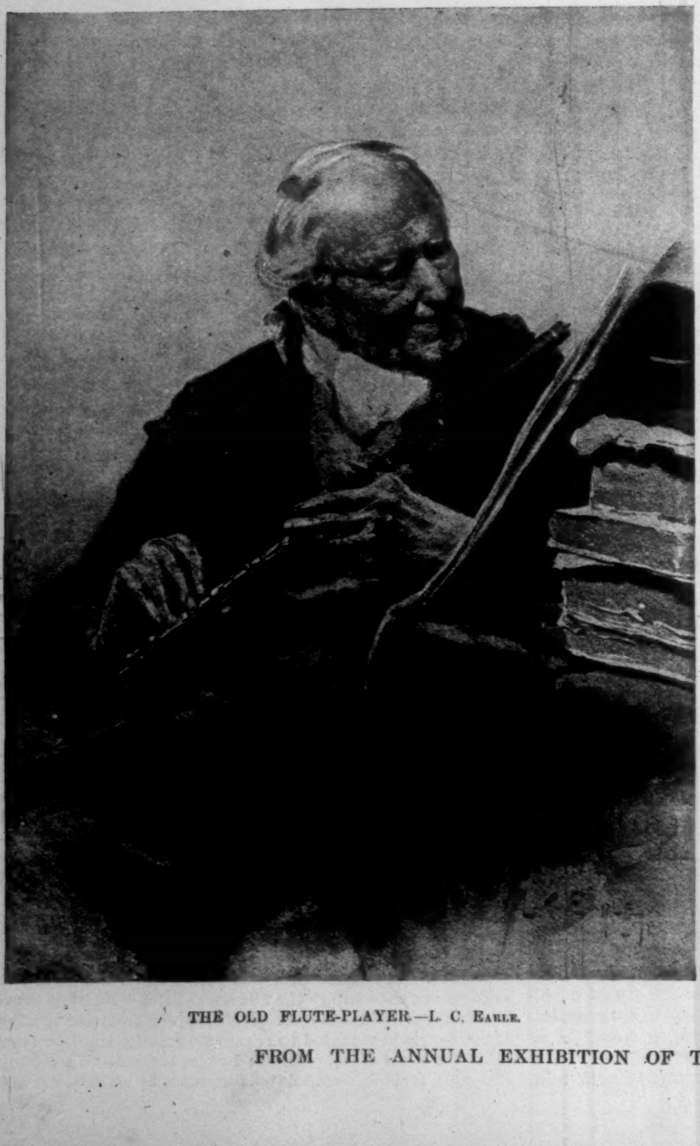
A MAID IN PINK.—Léon Moran.



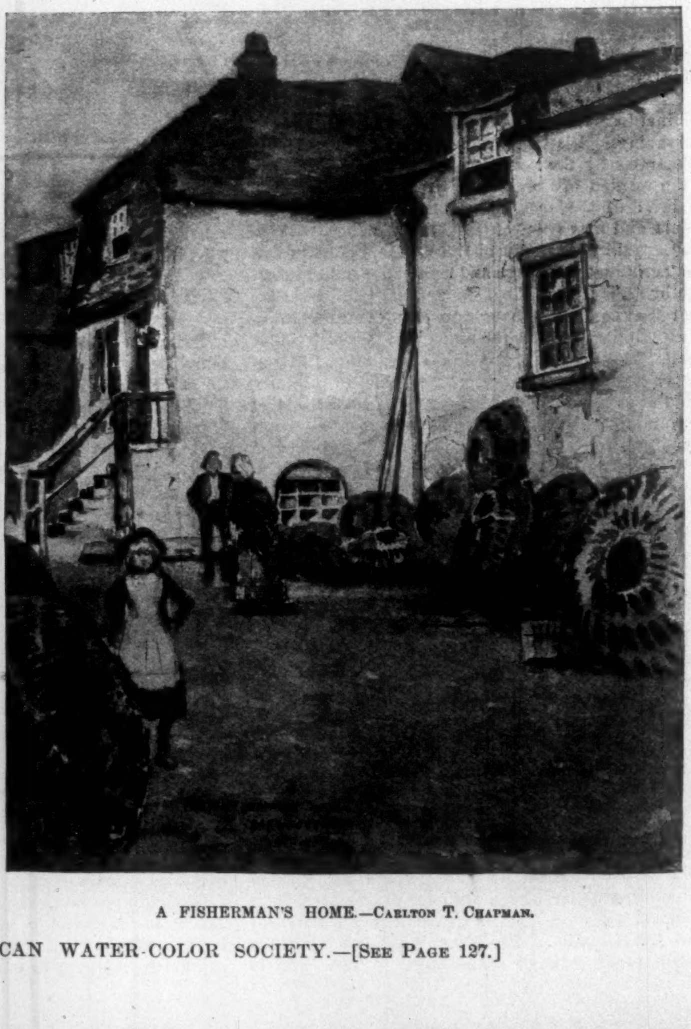
A MARINE DOCTOR.—William H. Lippincott.



THE ENCHANTED VIKING.—F. S. Church.

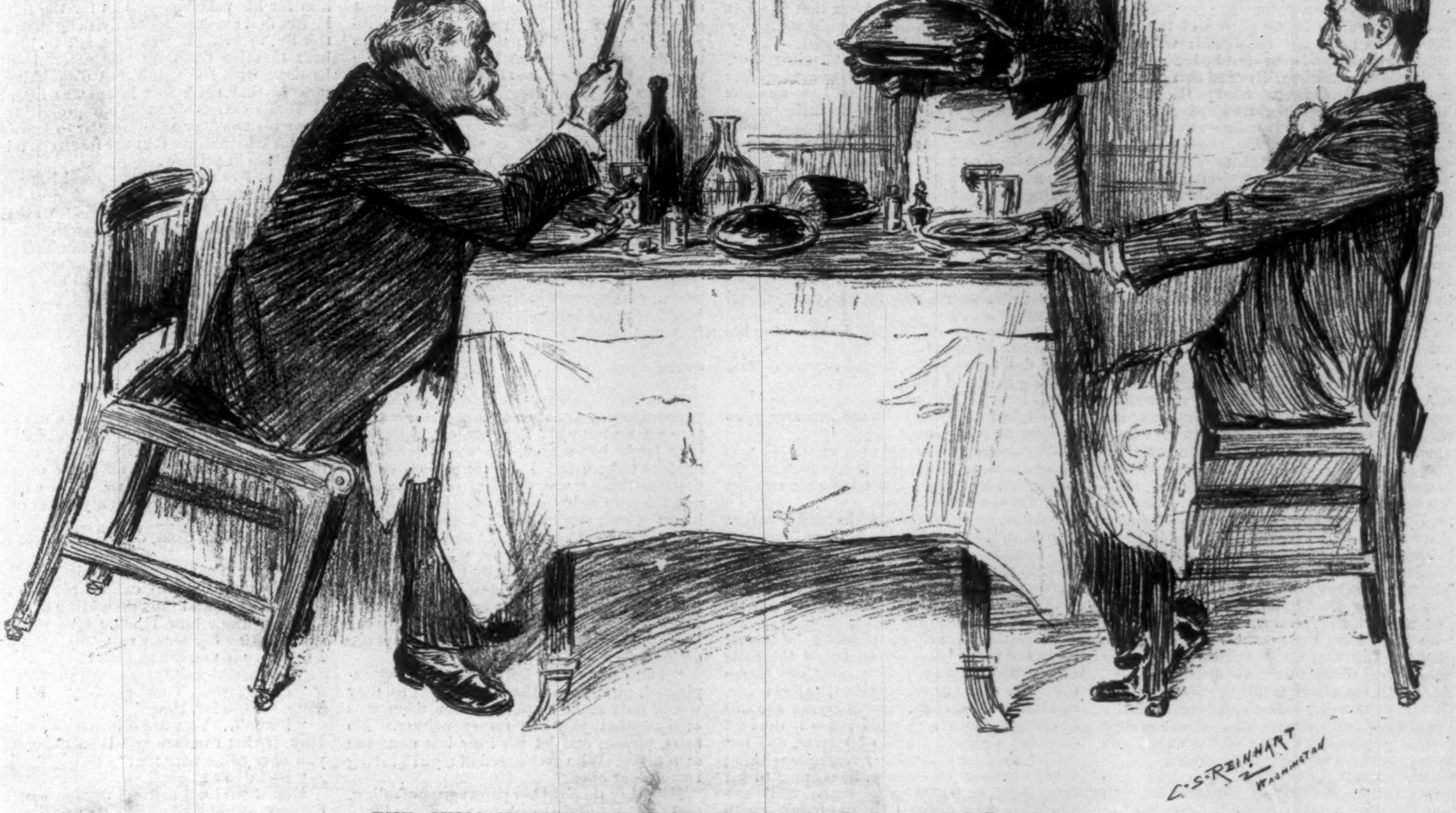


THE OLD FLUTE-PLAYER.—L. C. Earle.



A FISHERMAN'S HOME.—Carlton T. Chapman.

FROM THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.—[See Page 127.]



THE CHILIAN QUESTION—WAR OR PEACE.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

THE EXCITEMENT IN WASHINGTON.

PEACE-LOVERS have not been *personæ gratæ* in Washington during the last few weeks. The electricity of war was in the air, and he who was opposed to the killing of Chilians was likely to find himself unpopular. Washington is often out of sympathy with the rest of the country. The Executive hand sometimes likes to exert its power and to make its strength felt when the popular heart is far from being warmed up.

The people talked war on the streets, in the departments, at dinner tables, wherever they met. There was nothing, however, said in Congress until the message was read. There had been no occasion for it until then; but the outburst of applause with which the message was greeted indicated that a good deal of feeling had been suppressed. Still better evidence of the strong sentiment, of the real state of feeling, was the great self-restraint, the evident seriousness of purpose and recognition of the gravity of the occasion, manifested in the brief debate that took place on Mr. Breckinridge's resolution requesting the President to inform the Congress whether or not he had received Chili's reply to the ultimatum before he had transmitted the message. To be sure, there were those who differed from the President and the other executive officers, civil and military, but they were in so small a minority that they were not quick to give expression to their opinions.

Around the lobbies of the Capitol eager newspaper correspondents diligently sought public men who might possibly happen to be in the possession of information that had not yet been made public. Members of the Committee on Foreign Affairs were especially in demand, and their opinions as well as their facts grew in importance. Much of what has passed for facts seems to have been spontaneously generated, and some of the fictitious creations of rumor were really more interesting than the sober truth. However, it must have occasionally occurred even to the narrators themselves that there was a humorous lack of probability in a few of the tales that were told, especially when it was gravely announced that the President was not satisfied with Chili's reply to the ultimatum before it was known that the President or the Secretary of State had received it.

The Navy Department was naturally the centre of interest, and all the officers who were on duty in Washington, and all who were on waiting orders in other parts of the country, were eager for the strife to begin. Theoretically, no one is for war except as a last resort, and it was an interesting study in protean art to notice the instantaneousness with which a belligerent officer, old or young, would become the mildest-mannered and most just of men as soon as it was insinuated that he was anxious for an opportunity to try the new ships and the new guns. And yet there was a deal of truth in that insinuation, and no sound-hearted person thinks the less of the officers of the navy for possessing the fighting instinct very strongly. It was right that the navy should be angry. Officers and men sincerely believed that the sailors of the *Baltimore* had been attacked by the people of Valparaiso because of the uniform that they wore, and that the police were responsible for the killing and wounding of men to whom the government owed the most ample and complete protection. It was not only a love of glory and a worthy ambition for promotion that inspired the officers of the navy. They had that love and ambition abundantly, of course, and their feelings heated their minds and made the expression of their opinions very vigorous at times.

In the course of no long time it is not surprising that those who were engaged in the preparation of the case for the United States became convinced that nothing could be said of the people and government of Chili that was too bad, and so cabinet officers and their subordinates did their work in an atmosphere of intense excitement that even invaded the quiet precincts of the State Department. The work of preparation for war was going on. The available ships of the navy were sailing, under orders from Washington, towards the country of the people who had insulted the flag and the uniform. The representatives of the great steel-making firms that enjoy the government contracts for armor plate and gun material were hastily summoned to the capital. With them came a steamship man, and soon it was whispered that the government had hired a number of merchant steamships for transports and kindred purposes. Ordnance, explosives, and projectiles were sent to the points where they would be most available. All this movement towards war increased the fervor of those engaged in it, and was in turn imparted to those with whom they associated. Old officers on the retired list hoped that the younger men of the army and navy would have an opportunity to distinguish themselves, and so did their friends in the clubs and in society. The possibilities of war furnished the topic of conversation at dinner parties and at receptions, and most of those who took part in the high debate were curiously eager to explain away any little event or paper or word that looked as if Congress might not declare war, or that Chili would back down. There was, after all, however, only the first quickening of the pulse, and although some excited warriors, especially those whose ways through a war would be ways of peace, revived the epithet of "Copperhead," the excitement was chiefly manifested in perfervid but not dangerous conversation.

SOME WORLD'S FAIR BUILDINGS.

THE diversity of style presented by the buildings now in course of erection in Jackson Park, Chicago, is truly wonderful. Each separate exhibit has offered an opportunity that the architect has not failed to grasp, and the visitor to the World's Fair will certainly be impressed by the unique buildings that are now being raised on all sides. Originality in architecture is decidedly refreshing, and the eyes of the sight-seer will not grow tired for lack of variety. The Forestry Building that is given in the illustration on another page is a good example of what is being done to harmonize the structure with the intended exhibit. The building is 200 feet by 500 feet, and is more or less rustic in character. A series of columns formed by three tree trunks, preserving their natural bark, serves to uphold the roof of the veranda encircling the building. These trees come from all parts of the world, and the original characteristics of each are shown. Slabs of wood are used in the sides of the building, and the entrances and windows combine all varieties of wood, artistically arranged by workers in that material. The interior is finished in woods that are polished and cut so as to show their grain, while the roof is thatched with barks. The exhibits will surpass all previous efforts in that line, and the beauty and wealth of the forest will be presented as never before. The building itself will be an object of interest in keeping with its contents, making the display a distinctive one.

This plan has also been carried out, as far as possible, in the Fisheries Building. The style of architecture, as far as the exterior is concerned, belongs to the Spanish Romanesque; but where the interior has furnished opportunity for appropriate decoration, the shapes and wonders of the sea have been used to form the design. This building is situated upon a peculiarly shaped island, and is of three parts, connected by arcades. The total length is 1100 feet, and 200 feet in width at the widest part. Mr. Henry Ives Cobb is the architect, and the estimated cost is $350,000. The walls are of dull brown stone, and the roofing is made of Spanish tiling. The central portion of the building will contain the general fisheries exhibit, interesting alike to residents of the sea-coast and interior. In one of the connecting buildings everything pertaining to angling will be set forth, and the disciple of Izaak Walton may be happy. The building at the other end will form the aquarium, the novelty of which will not fail to attract. As shown in the picture, these two end buildings are polygonal in shape, and in the one devoted to the aquarium a large pond will fill the centre, while all about will be immense tanks, in which all sorts of sea life will be given. Over 3000 square feet of glass will be used in these tanks, the total capacity of which will be 140,000 gallons. There will be exhibits of live fish such as are rarely seen by any one, and lake, stream, and ocean will furnish their quota of interesting objects.

The resources of our country are so magnificent that much space will be given to natural products, and the horticultural exhibit will be most wonderful. The Horticultural Building, now in course of construction, is an immense affair, and outside there will be a dazzling floral display. Part of the building will be roofed with glass, so that the flowers may have the advantage of light, and the great rotunda in the centre will be surmounted by the dome that is given in the illustration. An idea of the immensity of the building may be gained when it is learned that the two interior courts comprise an acre each, which will contain, respectively, an orange grove from Florida and one from California.

Commendable zeal has been displayed by the different States that have made appropriations for their local exhibits. While the entire exposition will foster the admiration and love we have for our country at large, these local exhibits will promote a healthy inter-State competition. The State of Wyoming will have a beautiful little building, to cost from $15,000 to $20,000, after the style of a French château. The interior will contain several offices for the State officials and commissioners, together with a number of reception-rooms for visitors. A wide hallway will extend to the top of the house, having an observation gallery on the second floor. On the east and west sides verandas twelve feet wide will afford a resting-place to the weary sight-seer, and all the rooms above will open upon the balconies surrounding the house. Exterior panels illustrative of pastoral and hunting scenes will form a striking decoration. These houses, which are in addition to the various State exhibits, will be a bit of home to the visitor from a distant State, and lend a charm to the exposition.

A LADY'S SHOE.

BY J. M. BARRIE.

I.

AFTER it is too dark to read, save to those who will travel to their windows in search of light, a man I know is sometimes to be found in his arm-chair by the fire toying with a lady's shoe. He is a bachelor—whimsical, you will say—and how that frayed shoe became his, I know not; for often though he has told me, the tale is never twice the same. When such is his odd mood, he will weave me strange histories of the shoe; and if I would be sad, they are sportive; and when one makes me merry, he will give it a tragic ending, for such is the nature of the man. Sometimes he is not consistent; which, he quaintly explains, is because he has only one of the shoes; and he will argue that so-called inanimate objects accustomed to the married life, such as shoes and gloves and spectacles, mourn the loss of their mate even as Christians do, which he proves, should I smile, by asking whether, though previously hard-workers, they are ever, if separated, of much more use in the world. Nor is that the only hard question he asks me; for when I tell him that all his stories of the shoe cannot be true, he demands of me which of them is necessarily false, and then I have no answer. Perhaps you, too, will be dumb to that question after you have listened to me, if such be your pleasure, while I repeat a little of what he tells me in the twilight, as we sit by the fire looking at the little bronze shoe.

II.

A hundred and one years and six months ago, says my friend, who is scrupulously exact about dates where they are of no consequence, that shoe and its partner got their first glimpse of the world. They sat all day in a shoemaker's window in the Strand, looking out upon the great fair which human beings provide for the entertainment of the articles that have the luck to get a seat in shopkeepers' windows, instead of being hung up inside on strings, or hidden away in boxes. They were a very dainty pair, made for the feet of some Cinderella with a godmother, and many ladies stopped to look at them who passed St. Paul's without giving it a glance. But there was a little dressmaker who loved those shoes as no other loved them, and she stood admiring them so often that they got to know her, and wondered why she did not come in and buy. You see they had as yet no knowledge of the world, and thought that a trumpery dressmaker ought to have them, just because she had such pretty little feet. They did not understand that beautiful shoes are not for feet that fit them, but for purses that can buy them.

She was not so very little, this dressmaker who hungered for the tiny bronze shoes, but she was only a girl, and she had to sew for her life all day and often all night, and that, my friend says, is why he calls her the little dressmaker. I suppose he means that she was so small compared to the big foes a poor girl has to fight in London. But though she was poor, she was not unhappy. She not only made pretty dresses out of rich material for fine ladies, such as the shoes were meant for, but pretty, cheap frocks for herself, in which she was delightful to look at. A really pretty girl always looks best in something at twopence-halfpenny the yard, and really plain ones look their worst in silk and velvet. These, be it noted, are my friend's views. The little dressmaker never quite rose to them. She often smiled with satisfaction when she saw herself in a mirror; but as often she sighed over her sewing, wishing she could see herself in the fine brocades that were meant for my Lady Mary. As it is the duty of all women to look as nice as possible, the little dressmaker cannot be blamed for wishing sometimes that she had five thousand a year. Had she had that sum, her first purchase would have been the shoes. She often thought of them at nights, and looked at her pretty feet and counted her money, and then shook her head mournfully.

The little dressmaker had only one relative in the whole wide world, and he was a boy of twelve—six or eight years younger than herself. He was her brother, and they lived together in a shabby room that looked bright, for no other reason than because these two loved each other. Will ran errands for any one who would employ him, and he had such an appetite that he often felt compelled to apologize for it. The little dressmaker could have bought the shoes to which she had given her heart had she not known that the consuming desire of Will was to possess a certain magnificent knife.

"How absurd of Will," the little dressmaker often said to herself, "to want that ugly knife! What can he do with it, except cut his fingers?"

At these times she could not help comparing boys to girls, and thinking that the desires of her own sex were much more reasonable, for what could be more natural and proper than to pine for the loveliest pair of bronze shoes?

Will knew why his sister often gazed at those shoes, and he would smile at her infatuation.

"How foolish girls are!" was his comment to himself. "No sensible person could see that knife without wishing to own it; but what does it matter whether one wears pretty shoes or ugly shoes, or even no shoes at all?"

Nevertheless, these two loved each other, and Will would have liked his sister to get the shoes, if only he could get the knife as well. The little dressmaker loved Will even more than that, and was determined that he should have the knife, though she had to give up the shoes.

Can you see her at the shoemaker's window, looking at the shoes, and then at her own feet, until she felt certain that all the Strand was laughing at her? Once she went into the shop and asked the price of the shoes. She came out scared. Next day, notwithstanding, she was back at the window, with the money in her possession, and it almost compelled her to go in and buy. She had to run away. After that she left the money at home, lest it should some day drag her into the shop.

She tried to avoid the Strand altogether, but still her feet took her there against her will, for you cannot conceive how anxious they were to step into those little bronze shoes.

The little dressmaker, who was the most unselfish of women, despised herself for her vanity, and thought to be happy again by buying the knife without delay. Then the shoes would be beyond her reach as completely as if some great lady had bought them.

"Here is the money for the knife, Will," she said bravely one day, and Will grasped the money, which was in many pieces, all earned with toil.

"But the shoes?" Will said, repressing his desire to rush out for the knife.

"I don't care about them," his sister said, turning her head away.

"It is not," Will said, uncomfortably, "as if you had no shoes. Those are nice ones you are wearing now."

They were not really nice ones. It was quite a shame that such pretty feet should be libelled by them. But these were matters Will did not understand.

"All one wants of shoes," he said, "is that they should have no holes in them."

"That is all," answered the little dressmaker, with a courageous smile; and she spoke of the knife with such interest that Will set off to buy it, convinced that she no longer cared about the shoes.

Forgetting something, however, he turned back for it, and behold, he found the little dressmaker in tears! You must not blame her. It was quite a big sacrifice she had made, and therefore, though she was crying, she was not very unhappy. Unselfishness is the best cure for trouble. Will, of course, did not realize this. He suddenly remembered that though they were so poor, he seemed to get everything he wanted very much, while she seemed to get nothing. He was stricken with remorse, and said craftily that he wanted her to come with him to buy the knife. Well, she went with him, and presently she discovered that it was not the knife he meant to buy.

"Oh, Will," she whispered, trembling, "I won't have the shoes! I want you to get that knife."

"Pooh!" said Will, grandly. "I don't care to have the knife. What use do I have for it?"

"You will make me wretched, Will," the little dressmaker said, "if you buy the shoes. These I have are quite nice ones."

"You are to have the shoes," replied Will, firmly. "No one could look so pretty in them as you will do."

"Oh, Will, have you noticed?" faltered the little dressmaker, meaning had Will noticed that her feet really were made for lovely shoes.

"Of course I have," answered Will, not at all understanding what she was referring to.

"But I can't spend so much money on myself," she said.

"It is my money now," said Will, triumphantly; "and I am to give you the shoes as a present."

Feeling like a man, he requested her to take his arm, and so they advanced along the Strand, making quite a gallant show for such wayfarers as could read faces. Alas! they reached the shop too late. The shoes were gone. An hour earlier they had been bought by an heiress, for whom they were too small. The shopkeeper had pointed this out to her courteously; but she, too, had fallen in love with the pretty shoes, and her only answer to him was, "I buy them; I undertake to get into them." Now we must leave the sad little dressmaker and follow the fortunes of the shoes.

III.

I interrupted my friend at this point, saying: "It is the little dressmaker I am interested in; not the shoes. Tell me more of her."

"She vanished out of my knowledge at that point in her history," he answered. "I don't know what became of her."

"A story-teller," I complained, "has no right to close his tale so abruptly. It is his duty to leave nothing to the public's imagination."

"Mine," he said, "is not a story, it is only something that happened, and I warned you that I did not know the end. In real life you never get the end of a story, but you can guess it if you will."

"Then," I said, "I guess that the little dressmaker—"

"Had more severe disappointments in after-life than the loss of a pair of shoes," he said.

"But had a happy future," I broke in, almost entreating him to say the words. "When her brother became a man, he gave her a pretty house in the suburbs to be mistress of, and she was as happy as—"

"As Ruth Pinch," he suggested. "No; I think Will married, and left the little dressmaker alone in the shabby room."

"Until she married, you mean?"

"Or until," said my friend, very sadly, "she was damned to all eternity that a gentleman might have his pleasure."

"Don't say that," I implored.

"The little dressmaker is dead," he answered, "and the worms have eaten her long ago, so it does not matter much." Then he looked at me sharply. "If I cannot give the story an end," he said, "I can at least give it a moral. When I was in your house yesterday, I found a pale little governess teaching your children, and I thought (forgive me) that you were somewhat brusque to her. She was the little dressmaker over again. Ah, sir, that is what I mean when I say that the stories in real life have no ending. The brave little dressmaker is still in London; you brush against her in every street; you meet her in scores of houses. Remember that little bit of her history, and you will help to make her next scene brighter. And now I must tell you of her who bought the shoes and took them to Gretna Green, and of how they entirely altered her future because they were a size too small. This time the story has an ending, or what passes for such in a world of make-believe. It is about a grandfather of mine, too, whose marriage, as you shall hear, was entirely arranged by this shoe.

IV.

Miss May Gregory, the heiress into whose possession the shoes passed, was a lovely creature on a somewhat large scale, and having only lately left school, she was desperately anxious to be married. So anxious was she, that matrimony was the first consideration, and the man only the second. She had two lovers, whom she called Jack and Tom, and she was so fond of both that she would have married either. Her papa, who knew her pretty well, said she was a sentimental goose, and he was so feared by both Jack and Tom that when they heard his voice in the stilly night asking who that was playing the guitar beneath his daughter's window, they leapt the orchard wall and ran.

"You can't marry both," Mr. Gregory explained, grimly, to Miss May; "and as they would only make a man between them, it is obvious that you can marry neither. No tears, please; and let me hear less nonsense about love. Who ever heard of a girl's loving two men at once?"

Miss May thought her papa very unfeeling, and pointed out that of course she only loved one of them. Her tragedy was that she could not decide which one.

My own idea is that they were so very much alike that a lady could not be indifferent to the one and love the other. But I am a bachelor, and often wonder how young ladies can choose a young man out of so many young men of the same pattern, and hold him higher than the rest. Financially, Jack and Tom were easily distinguished, however. Jack had ready money, but no prospects; Tom had prospects (he said), but no ready money. You may be sure that Miss May considered this no difference at all. She had sufficient money and prospects for both herself and her husband, whichever one he should prove to be.

Though it was in London that Miss May bought the shoes, it was in a provincial town that she first tried to get into them, the town where she and her severe papa lived. She was going to the theatre that night, and to Gretna Green afterwards, if the fates proved friendly. It was her father who was to take her to the theatre, and Jack who was to take her to Gretna Green. The arrangements had been made cleverly, as you will see.

For nearly half an hour did the carriage wait at the door before Miss May was ready to step into it. When she at last joined her father, who was fuming, for he detested being late for the play, her face was red. I wish I could say that this was because she was blushing or had been crying over the impropriety of the contemplated runaway marriage. But it was not. Miss May was merely red in the face because her fight with the shoes had been protracted. She had gained a momentary triumph, however, for, in her own words, she had "got into them." True they pinched and made her stumble in her walk, but she had only to walk a few yards to the carriage, and another few yards from the playhouse door to a box.

I have forgotten what the play was; it was probably one of the dull comedies that are now esteemed and edited because they are old. Many people were crowding into the house, and in the vestibule stood Jack, who made a sign to his lady that all was well. Then he disappeared without being seen by the father he was hoodwinking. Tom was less fortunate. That is to say, the father did see him. He was also more fortunate, however, for he had a few moments' talk with Miss May. That lady ought not, perhaps, to have let Tom know that she was coming to the play to-night. She was really Jack's now, or about to be, if the plot did not miscarry. But was it not natural that she should feel sorry for Tom? That day she had sent him back his letters (he used to slip them into her hands, and she kept them in a box beside Jack's letters), with an intimation that all was now over between them. She had also added that she was going to the play that night, and I suppose her reason for this injudicious act was that she looked forward to a delightfully sad parting with him. But Miss May had not quite understood Tom. In the crush at the theatre she held out her hand (the one further from her papa) that Tom might squeeze it surreptitiously. Thus did she hope to break the blow. But frantic Tom would have none of her hand. He stalked after her into the box, and in presence of her father demanded an explanation. Miss May, who was already beginning to wish that she had never seen those lovely little bronze shoes—they were hurting her so much—wept at Tom's grief, and admired him for his vehemence. As for the father, he was first amazed; secondly, delighted; and thirdly, afraid. It was pleasant to him to hear that his daughter was determined to be done with the youth, but disquieting to observe that the whole house was listening to Tom's declamation. Tom promising to lower his voice, papa consented to leave the box for five minutes that the farewells might take place in privacy.

In that five minutes the second last act of a tragedy was played in the back of the box. Tom announced that his prospects were now death by his own pistol. Miss May, in terror, put her hands on his shoulders, and then, remembering Jack, withdrew them. She had promised Jack not to say a word of the conspiracy to Tom, but now it all came out. At half past nine a written note was to be handed in to Miss May, purporting to come from an aunt of hers who was in a box beneath. The note was to ask her and her papa to join the aunt. Papa loathed the aunt, and was therefore certain to refuse; but he would let Miss May go. In the lobby she was to be joined by Jack, whisked into a carriage that was already waiting near the theatre door, and borne off in the direction of Gretna Green. There was quite a chance of the runaways being twenty miles off before the chase began.

"So farewell, Tom, dear Tom," said Miss May.

But dear Tom, forgetting his promise to papa, began to stamp, calling her the most horrid names, and thus delighting her.

"You know how I could love you," she said, picking her tenses carefully. "But am I to blame if you are so poor?"

"You could wait for me. My prospects—"

"I can't wait, Tom; good-by. Kiss me, Tom, for the last time."

"I won't. You are a heartless coquette. May, if that carriage had been mine, would you have come with me?"

"I—I don't know."

Men should not distress women with such difficult questions.

"Kiss me, Tom, for the last time."

"I won't."

Then, like a sensible man, Tom changed his mind, and kissed her passionately.

"It is not for the last time," he said, fiercely. "May, you love me, and me alone, and Jack shall not have you; he shall not. I have an idea; quick, tell me how I shall know Jack's carriage?"

Miss May, wondering, had just begun to answer him when papa reappeared. Tom departed, but not with the look of a hopeless man on his face. As for the young lady, having treated dear Tom so kindly, she naturally began to think lovingly of dear Jack.

V.

The ruse with the letter succeeded. Miss May was trembling a little when she left the box. Had her papa flung her a kind word just then she might have postponed the elopement; but he asked her grumpily why she was looking at him so sentimentally, and, of course, after that she hesitated no longer. He little thought as the door closed on her that the next time they met she would be a married woman.

Miss May always maintained afterwards that from the moment when she left her father's box until she realized that she was in a carriage beside Jack, all was a blank to her. The theatre attendant, however, who saw the carriage drive off, and described the scene subsequently to the infuriated father, declared that she was less agitated than her lover.

"I suppose Jack carried me down that dark side street to the carriage," was Miss May's surmise.

"The gentleman was a little excited like, but the lady she were wonderful cool," was the attendant's declaration. His story ended thus: "They had started, when the lady she gave a scream, and the carriage stopped, and the gentleman he jumped out, and looked for something in the street. He got it, too, and then he jumps in beside her again, and off they go at a spanking rate. I don't know what it was; something she had dropped, most likely."

To his dying day this man was denied the small pleasure of knowing what Jack jumped out of the carriage to pick up. It was one of the shoes. Miss May's feet had been protesting so vigorously in the theatre against further confinement in their narrow prison-house that with one foot she had pressed the shoe half off the other. In the street the shoe fell off, and Jack had to find it, for although in Scotland one may marry in a hurry, one's feet must be properly shod. So Miss May thought then; but she was presently to discover that a pair of shoes are a convenient possession rather than an indispensable.

Through the greater part of the night the carriage rolled northward; but at last an inn (now, I believe, a private house) was reached, where they had to wait three hours for fresh horses. Miss May had a bedroom, but did not sleep a wink (she said), while the nervous Jack paced up and down in front of the inn, listening for horses in pursuit, and thinking he heard them every five minutes.

If a man can be too gentlemanly, that man seems to have been Jack throughout this escapade. Until he could claim her as his wife he would not take even what she called formal liberties. He sat on the seat opposite her. He paid her no compliments; he addressed her as Miss Gregory, which had not been his custom. Of course she admired this delicacy, but still—

The journey was resumed with early light, and now, as they stepped once more into the carriage, both of the runaways looked hard at one of the postilions.

"Surely you are not the man I engaged yesterday?" Jack said to him.

"No, my lord," answered the fellow, composedly. "He were took ill, and offered me his place. No offence intended, my lord. I have been on this here kind of job before."

"You have been to Gretna Green before?"

"Raythen."

"You will do as well as another. Drive on."

Miss May said nothing to the man, but she thought a good deal about him. Despite his dark hair and sallow complexion, despite his boorish manners, she thought him very like Tom. It was Tom in disguise. He had bribed the real postilion, and here he was on his way to Scotland with the woman he wanted to marry, but by no means certain how he was to get her.

Within twenty miles of the border there is a hillock which commands an extensive view. It is close to the old highroad, and many a man bound for Gretna Green has run up it to see whether his pursuers were in sight. Jack was one of the number. He was not gone many minutes, but in the mean time Tom had found an opportunity of revealing himself to the lady.

"May," he said, appearing so suddenly by her side that she screamed, "don't you know me? I am Tom. May dearest, you said you would marry me if I could take you to Scotland; I am doing it."

"Oh, Tom!" wailed Miss May, all in a tremble (as she said afterwards), "I never made any such promise. I am to marry Jack."

"Never!" cried Tom. "May, darling May—"

"Tom, Tom," said Miss May, reproachfully, "why did you come to disturb my peace of mind, when everything was going on so nicely?"

"Love of my life," began Tom, then kissed her hand, and resumed his seat beside the other postilion. He had seen Jack running back.

"We are pursued," Jack said, as he drew near, panting, "by two men on horseback, and one of them, I am convinced, is your father."

The carriage rolled on more quickly now than ever, and for the next half-hour Miss May thought little of which of her lovers she should marry. Her new fear was that she would not be able to marry at all. Jack was as polite as ever. Certainly Tom had been less delicate. He had called her his darling; he had kissed her hand. He should not have taken these liberties, but still—

In vain were the jaded horses of the runaways whipped up. The pursuers gained on the carriage until, when the latter was within half a mile of the border, they were not four hundred yards behind.

"There is only one chance for us, May," said poor Jack, forgetting in his excitement that she was not May but Miss Gregory; "we must leave the carriage at the next turn of the road which hides us from view."

"And be overtaken in a moment!" cried Miss May, aghast.

"I hope not," said Jack. "Listen, dear, to what I propose. At the next turn I will stop the carriage, and you will at once jump out with me. I will tell our fellows to drive on as fast as they can, and you and I will conceal ourselves until your father and his companion have galloped past. They will pursue the carriage. In the mean time you and I will cross these fields to the village, whose lights I see plainly, and there the blacksmith will marry us."

"They will overtake the carriage in a few minutes," the lady said, "and finding it empty, hurry on to Gretna Green. Why, we shall find them waiting for us there."

"We shall not," answered Jack, triumphantly, with his head out at the window. "I see two roads before us, of which the one evidently leads to Gretna Green, and the other to the right. I will tell our fellows to take the latter; that will give us a good start."

Jack stopped the carriage, and assisted his lady out, at the same time shouting directions to the two men.

"Stop!" he cried to them, as they were driving off. "One of you come with me. We may need a witness."

Tom jumped down. The carriage drove on. The two men and the woman hid. The horsemen, of whom Mr. Gregory was purple with passion, raced by them.

"And now for Gretna Green on foot," said Jack, giving Miss May his arm.

They hurried on, but—the shoe! Miss May had this time no maid to help her, and the shoe was but half on. She was sliding her foot along the ground rather than lifting it. By-and-by, when they were not a hundred yards from the old toll-house which is just on the other side of the border, Miss May sank to the ground, crying, "I can go no further; I have lost one of my shoes!"

There was no time to look for the shoe in the twilight.

"Assist her to that cottage," said Jack to the supposed postilion, pointing to the toll-house, "and I will hasten on to the village and bring the blacksmith back with me. Ask them to hide her if need be. You will be well paid."

So saying, Jack ran on, while Tom obeyed his injunctions to the letter. With Miss May's assistance he explained the position to the toll-keeper, who grinned when he heard that the bridegroom was running to Gretna Green for the blacksmith.

"You English," he said, "think that there is but one man in broad Scotland who can make a couple one in a hurry, and you call him the blacksmith, though he is no blacksmith at all. If your lover, honey, had stopped here, I should have had you spliced by this time."

"Is that true?" cried Tom; while Miss May stared.

"I have married scores in my time," the old man answered. "Why, I married half a dozen this week."

"But is it legal?" asked May.

The toll-keeper smiled. "Try it, honey," he suggested.

Then it was Tom's turn to speak. "May," he said, in a tone of conviction, "this is providential. Old gentleman, marry us as quickly as you can. Get your family as witnesses, if witnesses are necessary."

The toll-keeper looked at the lady.

"No, no," she said, "I promised Jack. Oh, Tom, how I wish there had been only one of you!"

For half an hour did Miss May refuse to listen to what Tom called reason. Then she started up, for she was sure she heard the gallop of horses.

"Tom!" she cried.

So she and Tom were married. Jack and Mr. Gregory arrived at the toll-house five minutes afterwards, but it was all over by that time.

VI.

Thus my friend ended his story, adding that his grandfather had come out of the affair victorious.

"So that your grandfather was Tom?" I said.

"If," he replied, coolly, "you think Tom was the victor."

"Well, he got her."

"And Jack did not. But perhaps Jack was the luckier man of the two."

"Then was Jack your grandfather?"

"I won't say. I leave it to you to decide which was victorious, the one who got her, or the one who lost her."

"It must have been Tom. You told me that your grandfather's marriage was entirely arranged by a shoe."

"Yes, I said so; but both of their marriages were arranged by a shoe, for Jack subsequently married another lady, and, of course, it was the shoe that led to his marrying her instead of Miss May."

"At least," I said, "tell me which of the two shoes this is."

"That would be telling all," he replied; "for Tom retained possession of the shoe in which Miss May was married, and Jack found the other one next morning. To tell you which shoe this is would be to tell you which man was my grandfather. Can't you guess? I have told you he was the one who had reason to be thankful that the lady became Mrs. Tom. Now which one was that?"

Reader, which do you think?

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

There is a big red and black and gold Chinese junk set up over the door at the head of the stairway in the National Academy of Design. The walls of the corridor and galleries are draped and trimmed with pale-tinted silks and Eastern stuffs; there are brazen and earthen jars in the niches and plants in the corners; wide awnings are spread under the skylights; and a big yellow banner with the red dragon on it is festooned from the ceiling in the hall. The twenty-fifth annual exhibition of the American Water-Color Society is open, and the academy will wear its festal aspect for four weeks, until Saturday, the 27th of February, and the six or seven hundred color drawings (676 to be exact), and the hundred or more etchings which compose the exhibition, may be seen there. The decorations are in excellent taste, and Mr. Turner and Mr. Lippincott, who had this part of the work in charge, have not introduced so much bric-à-brac from the shops as has been done sometimes heretofore, and have relied on simple means to obtain an effective and fitting setting for the pictures. The hanging committee has done its work well, and by placing the drawings that are light in tone and framed in white and other light borders together, and those of more sombre cast and gold mats and frames apart from these, has secured in the galleries a unity of effect and completeness in arrangement that please the eye on entering the rooms.

In the large South Gallery the middle of the line is occupied by a picture of a bootblack and his good dog (No. 407), by J. G. Brown, the president of the society; and not far away, in the corner to the right, is a picture (No. 451) by Mr. Abbey of a pensive lady, who sits in a stiff chair in a mediæval apartment with sombre furniture and hangings. On a table at her side is an hour-glass, in which the sand running slowly marks the long hours, and a page stands in the doorway playing on a lute. It is rather out of the line of subjects Mr. Abbey has painted heretofore, when he has usually taken brighter themes; but it is notable among the pictures here, and, signed with his name, it is sure to attract attention. To be noted in the South Gallery, too, are Mr. Smedley's portrait of a lady in a white gown (No. 467); Mr. Dielman's full-length drawing of a young woman in white, with yellow chrysanthemums in her hand (No. 363); Mr. Hassam's very clever picture of a French crêmerie (No. 348), with the woman who keeps the shop at the door, and a flower-girl with her basket kneeling on the sidewalk before her; Mr. Thulstrup's soldier in the snow (No. 385); Mr. Wood's farmers in the barn, "Cheer up, Neighbor" (No. 484); and Mr. Maynard's nymph in the sea (No. 496). A still-life study, by Clara McChesney, (No. 408), that hangs just over Mr. Brown's picture, is well worth a glance for the excellent painting of a copper flagon and some onions; a picture of a lioness creeping over a slope in the desert, by A. Phimister Proctor, is a notably strong piece of animal drawing; a white horse in an uplands pasture, by C. Morgan McIlhenny, is in every way good; and a white horse, who stands in a barn-yard with a pig snuggled in the straw near by, by Horatio Walker (No. 345), is another good bit of animal painting. A landscape with sheep, by Ben Foster (No. 389), a winter landscape, by H. Bolton Jones, and an autumn effect, by C. Harry Eaton, are among the best landscapes in this room—a few of the best only among the many good ones in the exhibition.

In the West Gallery is a delightful little picture of a lady in blue in her garden (No. 671), by Irving R. Wiles, who has another of a lady in white in *her* garden (No. 170, in the North Gallery), and is equally clever and equally charming. Near by is a very good picture of two ladies drinking tea (No. 649), by Albert E. Sterner; a most skilfully painted interior, with figures of a lady and a baby in white creeping on the floor (No. 511), by Rhoda Holmes Nicholls; a fine cattle piece, by Thomas Allen (No. 561); and a landscape with cattle (No. 664), by the late Benjamin R. Fitz. In the West Gallery too, is an excellent drawing of the interior of a country church, in France probably, with an old man seated on one of the benches (No. 555), by William J. Whittemore. In the North Gallery among other good things is Mr. Platt's truthful and artistic rendering of a landscape motive with snow on the trees and ground (No. 154); and in the East Gallery are Mr. Beckwith's lady in black with a yellow book in her hand, and a landscape by Mr. Shurtleff of a forest in autumn.

"A Fisherman's Home" (No. 66), by Carlton T. Chapman, is a small quietly painted picture of white and gray walled houses standing close together, with huge lobster-pots piled up in the narrow street, and two or three figures that by their dress and general air denote that the scene is in England. It is soberly and conscientiously handled, and pleasing in its subdued tones of gray. "The Enchanted Viking" (No. 55), by Frederick S. Church, is one of those fantasies he delights to paint, and in this case the "Viking" is a great polar-bear on the Northern sands, who is held captive and docile as a Newfoundland by a fair young woman in diaphanous drapery of white. A fragile garland of thin green leaves about the bear's neck seems sufficient to hold him—that and the enchanting gaze of the young woman. There is no question of probability in this picture. The garland will not wither, the bear will not growl, and the young woman will not be eaten up. The picture is light and delicate in tone, nicely painted, and pretty to look at.

"A Marine Doctor" (No. 208), by William H. Lippincott, shows a sailor-man mending a toy boat for a couple of boys, who are stretched out beside him under the lee of a big fishing-boat lying high and dry on the beach. The cliffs beyond, with the peculiar formation of the natural arch, with one pier out in the water, tells us, if we needed so to be told, that the scene is on the French coast at Étretât. It is carefully and yet broadly painted, and strong uncompromising reds and blues and greens in the painted sides of the boats are managed with good effect, and the picture is complete and satisfying in *ensemble*. "A Maid in Pink" (No. 25), by Léon Moran, is a very pretty little picture of a sweet-faced girl, in a pale pink-colored gown, seated in a garden, one would say, from the suggestion of green leaves that form a background to the figure, with a wide-brimmed straw hat on her head, with big pink roses in it, and her hands together in her lap. It is dainty and delicate and clever. "The Old Flute-Player" (No. 460), by L. C. Earle, is an excellent character study. This old gentleman is no flourishing performer, but a conscientious one, that seems certain. He has an air of being sure he is right before he begins, and then, just now at the moment his picture is taken, he will go ahead. The figure is not especially interesting in handling, but it is surely drawn, and the painting is broad and solid. William A. Coffin.

THE OLD GUARD BALL.

The interest in the Old Guard never dies, nor do the warriors themselves surrender to time or age, though youth and beauty may sometimes score a victory. The gas jets that welcomed the Old Guard at their annual ball told the story in the dates "1832–1892." Sixty years is quite a number when we reckon by individual twelvemonths, and to a fair débutante who sat in one of the boxes of the Metropolitan Opera-house they seemed appalling. The more she thought over the subject of years the stranger it seemed.

"Oh, howdydo?" she exclaimed, as a young man came into the box. "I'm so glad to see you, because I want you to tell me something. Are all the Old Guard really sixty years old?"

"Gracious no!" cried the youth.

"I'm glad to hear it," answered the damsel, "for they don't look it; but aren't they dear funny old gentlemen, so nice and plump?"

"Aw, really, Miss Budd," responded the young man, visibly embarrassed; "suppose they heard you?"

"I wouldn't care if they did," the maid answered; "they would probably like it. Because you're one of the new Naval Reserves, you're probably jealous." With this retort, the young lady leaned over the edge of the box, and left the cavalier whom she had welcomed so gladly severely alone. The expanse of floor was crowded with old and young, man and woman, all bent upon having a good time. The white coats of the Old Guard predominated, but there was a goodly sprinkling of army and navy blue, and more gold lace than is seen at any other society event. The black-coated citizen was in force, but not in favor. The youth in the box realized this, but he wasn't going to be snubbed for all the brass buttons and epaulets in the country. He shifted his position so as to see the floor below, and waiting his chance, pointed out a figure in white uniform, and remarked, "That's Major McLean."

The girl only nodded. Not disheartened, the youth waited his chance again. "That's a regular army officer, and there is one of Governor Flower's staff."

There was no response from the girl. She was deeply interested in the efforts of a young citizen below who sought to engage the attention of his fair partner in opposition to a uniformed representative of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston. The youth in the box also became interested in the contest, and when the wearer of uniform stalked away with the girl on his arm, and the owner of the black suit fled to hide his discomfiture, the two observers of the scene smiled at each other. "All's fair in love and war," remarked the young man. "After I've risen from the ranks, I suppose my uniform will make me a dazzling success."

The débutante nodded gravely. "Yes," she answered; "girls do get so tired of the regulation costume that a uniform has its attractions. Who is that man in plain blue?"

"A general of the United States army," was the young man's reply. "You can get your choice here to-night. There's an officer of the Seventh."

"Just as if I didn't know!" returned the girl, scornfully. "I know every single solitary officer in the regiment—by sight. What does the Old Guard do, anyway?"

"Do?" the youth responded. "Why, it does lots of things. It went to the war when it was necessary, and now finds that 'peace has its victories no less—'"

"Thanks, I know the quotation," broke in the fair listener; "but what else does it do except have a ball every year?"

"Well," said the youth, "I was down at the Battery last November on the date that the British evacuated New York, you know, in 1783, and was attracted by a great crowd of people and a band playing the 'Star-spangled Banner,' while the cannon kept booming in time. Being naturally curious, I hurried over, and found the Old Guard drawn up about a flag-pole, while the flag itself was being hauled up. When it was at the top. the Old Guard marched away, and I discovered that this proceeding was another annual function of theirs. They celebrate the last of British rule, for close by the same spot floated the flag that the troops left when they sailed down the bay for Merry England."

"How do you know so much about them?" the girl asked, with a suspicion of doubt.

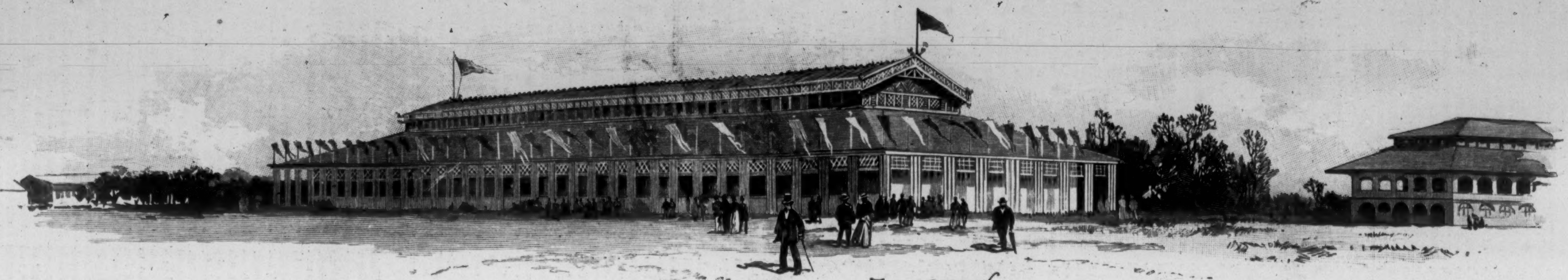
The youth smiled; his moment of revenge had come. "Because my father is one of those dear fat funny old gentlemen."

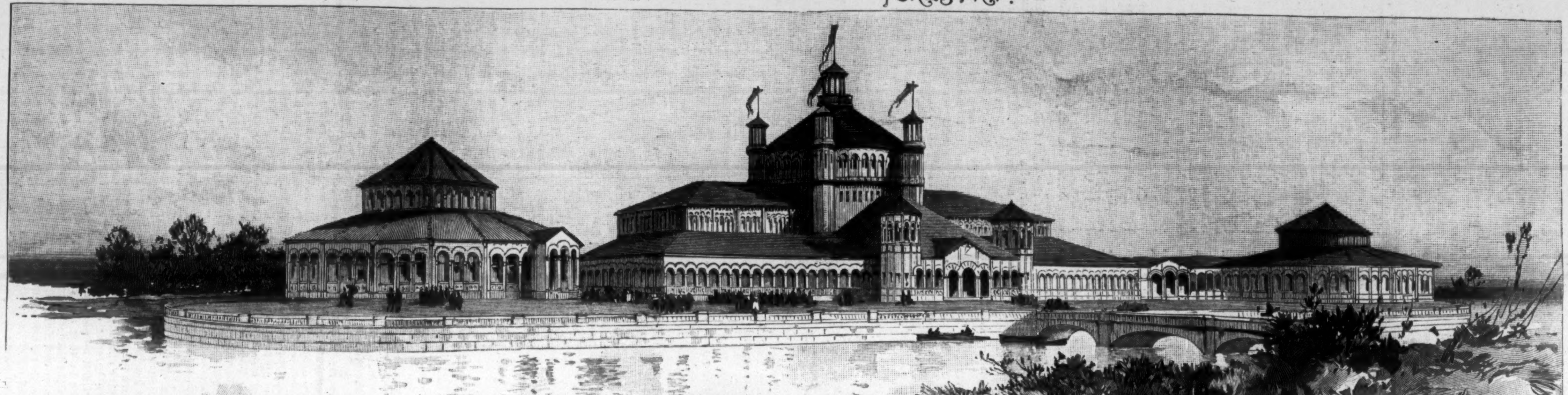
At this juncture the band started the march, and the Old Guard and their military guests marched in and pushed the plain citizen to the wall, while they went through some evolutions. The mass of gorgeous color wound in and out, forming in fours and eights, until finally about twenty companies, sixteen files front, spread across the ballroom.

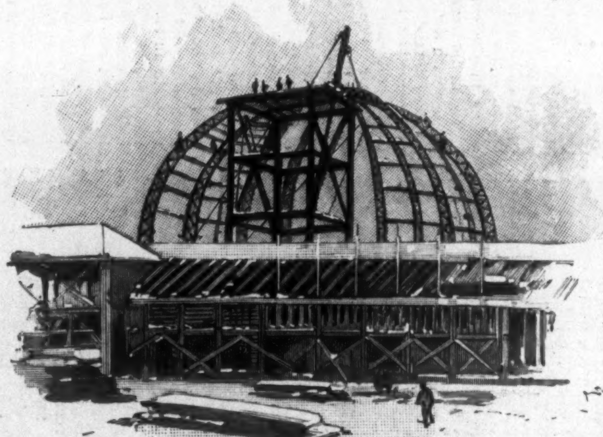
"Oh!" cried the débutante, who looked down from the box, echoing the general exclamation.

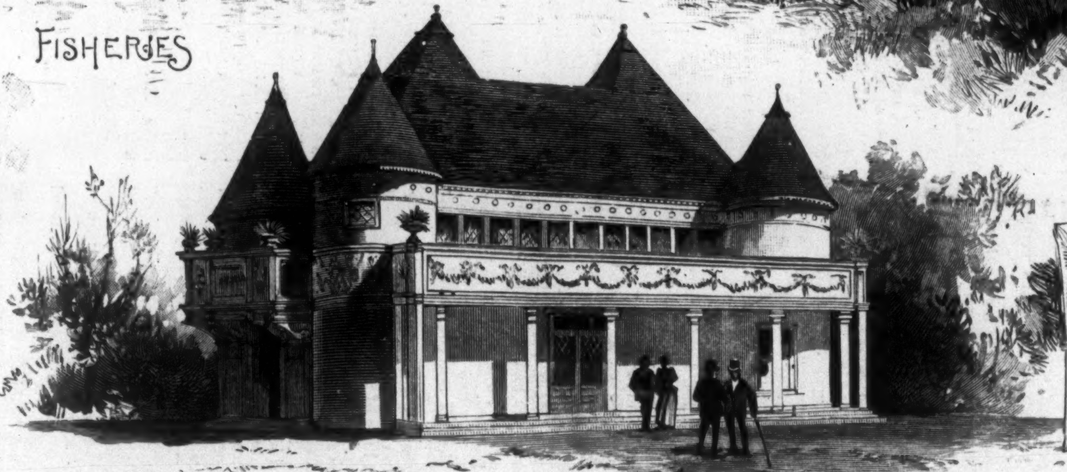
Then the lines broke up. The gallant warriors sought their partners, and the maid who sneered at black-coated ordinary men was glad to accept the arm of the youth beside her for the first dance. But later on in the evening this fickle maid confided to a much-bedecked partner that military balls were "simply elegant, and the Old Guard best of all."

SKETCHES OF WORLD'S FAIR BUILDINGS.


FORESTRY.


FISHERIES

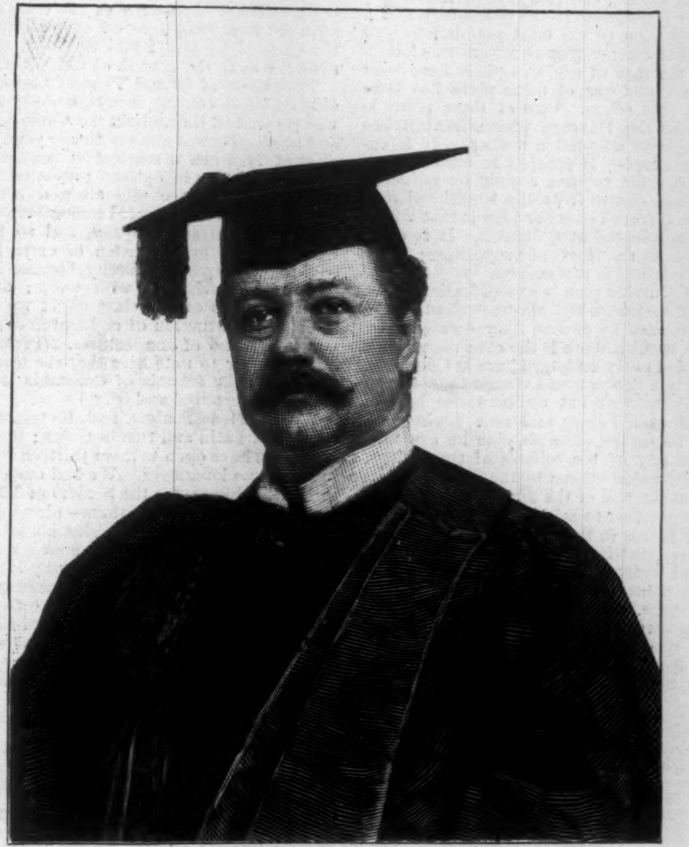

CONSTRUCTING DOME OF HORTICULTURAL BLD'G.


WYOMING STATE BLD'G.

C. Graham

TWENTY YEARS' CHANGES AT COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.



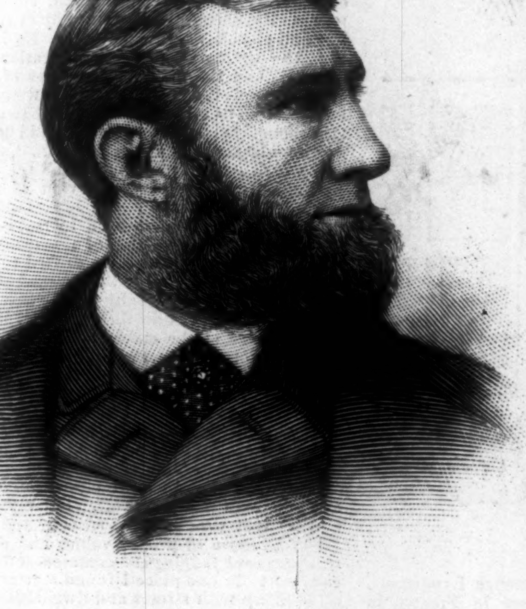
THE HONORABLE SETH LOW, PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

THE amazing development of the commerce and manufactures of New York is patent to all of us; we cannot help seeing it; but most of us have found it easy to overlook the development of the intellectual life of the city, which is equally amazing. Fifty years ago the literary centre of the United States was probably in Philadelphia; thirty years ago it was certainly in Boston; to-day, few could deny that it is in New York, when it is remembered that four out of every five of the great monthly magazines and weekly journals are issued from this city. And if further evidence were needed as to the artistic and scientific and literary activity of the metropolis, it can be found in the presence in New York of the Authors Club, the Players, the Aldine, the Grolier, the Fellowcraft, the Salmagundi, the Nineteenth Century Club, the Architectural League, the Engineers' Club, the Electrical Club, and a host of similar organizations, in which men of kindred tastes and studies are banded together. Nothing like this is to be seen in any other city of the country.

New York is so used to its commercial supremacy of America that we New-Yorkers forget that this primacy of New York is the growth of a century only. In 1790 the population of New York was 33,131, while that of Boston was 18,038, and of Philadelphia, 28,522. "So late as 1769," said Mr. Seth Low, in one of the addresses he made two years ago, when he was installed as President of Columbia College, "it was considered a rash prediction that New York might one day equal Newport, Rhode Island, as a commercial city;" and President Low took pride in pointing out that it was to a son of Columbia College, De Witt Clinton, that we owe the Erie Canal and the ensuing mercantile supremacy of this city.

A development as remarkable as that which has taken place in the commerce of New York within the past hundred years, or as that which has taken place in the intellectual life of New York within the past fifty years, has taken place in Columbia College within the past twenty years. From what was little more than a "fresh-water college" of the narrow inland type only a score of years ago, Columbia College has grown into a great university worthy of a great city. To this magnificent expansion it is the privilege of the present writer to bear witness cheerfully; and it is his duty to declare that he has been in a position of unusual advantage for one who wishes to set forth the changes of the past twenty years.

I was—if a change may be permitted from the obvious awkwardness of the third person to the apparent egotism of the first—I was graduated from Columbia in the spring of 1871, and in the fall of 1891 I returned to the college to deliver certain courses of lectures. During the score of years which had elapsed since my graduation, I had been on the college grounds perhaps a scant half-score times, but I had sat at the annual alumni dinners now and again; I had friends among the professors; I knew boys that had grown up and gone through the college; and so I thought that I had kept in touch with Columbia. Yet I was wholly unprepared for the remarkable improvements which I discovered on all sides of me as soon as I became a daily attendant.

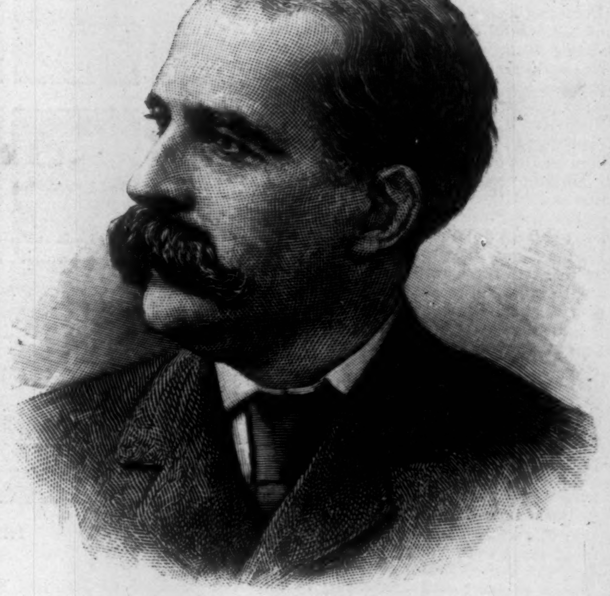


PROFESSOR JOHN W. BURGESS, DEAN OF THE SCHOOL OF POLITICAL SCIENCE.

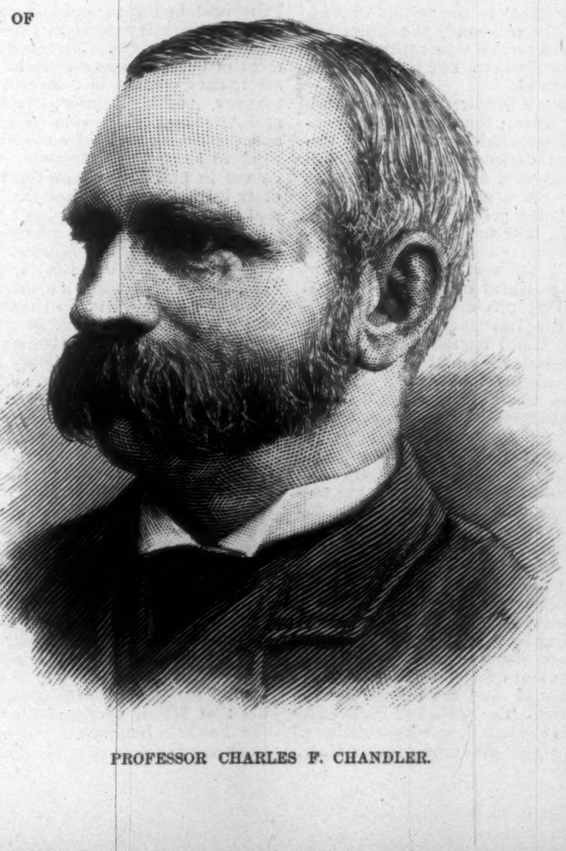
These changes, as I shall try to show, are also inward and spiritual, but they have had certain outward and visible signs. For example, the green whereon we undergraduates used to kick an artless game of football is a green no longer, for in the centre of it now arises the stately building occupied by the Law School and the library; and where the college itself had been, where had stood the building in which I had studied during my whole course, there stretches now a new-made green.

Quite as startling as the disappearance of the old building, which to my memory represented the college, was the appearance of the library. I recalled the old library as we knew it when I came to Columbia in 1868. It occupied the hall over the chapel; it had some 15,000 volumes; it was tended by a single librarian, an elderly gentleman of austere morals, who was aided in his administration by the janitor of the college; it was open one hour a day, five days in the week, eight months in the year. The library which I found when I came back to Columbia in 1891 occupies a building of its own; it contains nearly 140,000 volumes; it has an accomplished librarian, skilled in the technic of his profession and aided by a staff of thirty trained assistants; it is open fourteen hours a day, six days in the week, twelve months in the year. In 1870 the library contained about 15,000 volumes, and in the single year of 1890 its accessions numbered 16,000 volumes. In 1870 the library was open for perhaps 200 hours during the year, and in 1891 it was open for more than 4500 hours. It seems to me that these figures have an eloquence of their own; they call for no comment further than the remark that they are typical of the changes which have been wrought in every department of Columbia during the past quarter of a century.

When I entered the Sophomore class, in the fall of 1868, the professors were called upon to keep an elaborate system of marks — for attendance, for conduct, for recitations; and the attitude of the professors toward the students could be but little different from that of a school-teacher toward school-boys. During my college career the marking system, so called, was abolished, but its spirit lingered long after the system itself was supposed to be dead. Now, I do not find a trace of its narrowing and benumbing effect. It is the assumption to-day that the students come to college to study, that they are anxious to learn, and that they know how to behave themselves. If by chance this assumption should be contradicted by the conduct of any undergraduate, he would be expelled simply, and an influence for evil would thus be removed summarily. This change of attitude on the part of the faculty toward the students is evidence of the fact that Columbia has outgrown the narrow traditions of the old-fashioned college, and is attaining the riper breadth of the ideal university.



PROFESSOR THOMAS R. PRICE.



PROFESSOR CHARLES F. CHANDLER.

The approach to the university ideal is seen also in the closer relations between the college itself—the School of Arts, as it is called—and the special schools which have grown up alongside of it. For the better part of this century there had been a shadowy alliance between Columbia and the College of Physicians and Surgeons; within the past year Columbia has absolutely absorbed the College of Physicians and Surgeons, which has become the School of Medicine of Columbia, governed by the trustees of Columbia, and represented in the University Council of Columbia by its Dean and a delegated professor. The Law School, founded in 1858, had for years but a loose connection with the college; in 1884 it was moved into the ample quarters prepared for it under the new library, and thus brought into close contact with Columbia's other departments. The School of Mines, started tentatively and doubtfully in 1863, had prospered exceedingly, and developed within itself a school of architecture and a school of electricity. The School of Political Science, begun in 1880, was the first school of this character established anywhere in this country. The School of Philosophy was evolved in 1890 out of the existing post-graduate courses of study; its existence and its instant success are evidences that Columbia was ready to undertake the higher university instruction, and that her students were ready to receive it.

Thus it has come to pass that the original college founded in 1754 is now termed the School of Arts, and that it is now surrounded and supported and strengthened by a School of Mines (which is in reality a school of applied science), a School of Medicine, a School of Law, a School of Political Science, and a School of Philosophy. Probably it is only a question of time how soon there will be joined to these a School of Architecture and the Fine Arts, and a School of Biology. The connection of the architectural department with the School of Mines is felt to be accidental and incongruous; while a beginning of a biological department has been made by the establishment of a chair of Biology, and by the appointment to it of Professor Osborn, of Princeton.

Professor Osborn has also received an appointment as Curator of Mammalian Palæontology in the American Museum of Natural History, thus foreshadowing a closer alliance between the active investigations of Columbia, into the science of life and the institution in which the results of research in natural history are stored and displayed. Probably the School of Architecture and the Fine Arts, whenever it shall come into being, will have an association of the same sort with the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

As these various schools grew up around the college their connection with it was lax and anomalous, and until two years ago there was a lack of co-ordination, an absence of unity of endeavor. Two years ago Mr. Seth Low, a graduate of the class of 1870, a trustee of the college for ten years, having proved himself as an administrator by two highly honorable and most memorable terms as Mayor of Brooklyn, was installed as President of Columbia. Everything was ripe for a thorough reorganization, and the first task to which the new President addressed himself was to bring order out of this chaos. Within the first year of his administration (the post-graduate courses having been consolidated into the School of Philosophy) the government of each school was confided to its faculty, at the head of which there was a Dean, while the government of Columbia College as a whole—of the university, that is—was placed in a new University Council, consisting of the President, of the Dean and of one other delegate from the faculty of each school, and of two representatives of the whole body of the professors chosen by the President.

So admirably does this new scheme of administration work that when Columbia took over the College of Physicians and Surgeons, the faculty of that institution had but to send its Dean and its other delegate to the University Council, and it fell at once naturally and easily into its proper relation to the rest of the college. This University Council, which is now both the mainspring and the fly-wheel of Columbia as far as instruction is concerned, is at present composed of the following gentlemen: Mr. Seth Low, the President of the college; Professor Henry Drisler, Dean of the School of Arts, and Professor Van Amringe, the delegate of that faculty; Dr. McLane, the Dean of the School of Medicine, and Dr. Peabody of that faculty; Professor Keener, Dean of the Law School, and Professor Burdick; Professor Chandler, Dean of the School of Mines, and Professor Egleston; Professor Burgess, Dean of the School of Political Science, and Professor Munroe Smith (editor of the *Political Science Quarterly*); Professor Nicholas Murray Butler, Dean of the School of Philosophy (editor of the *Educational Review*), and Professor H. T. Peck; with Professor Trowbridge and Professor H. H. Boyesen as members by the choice of the President.

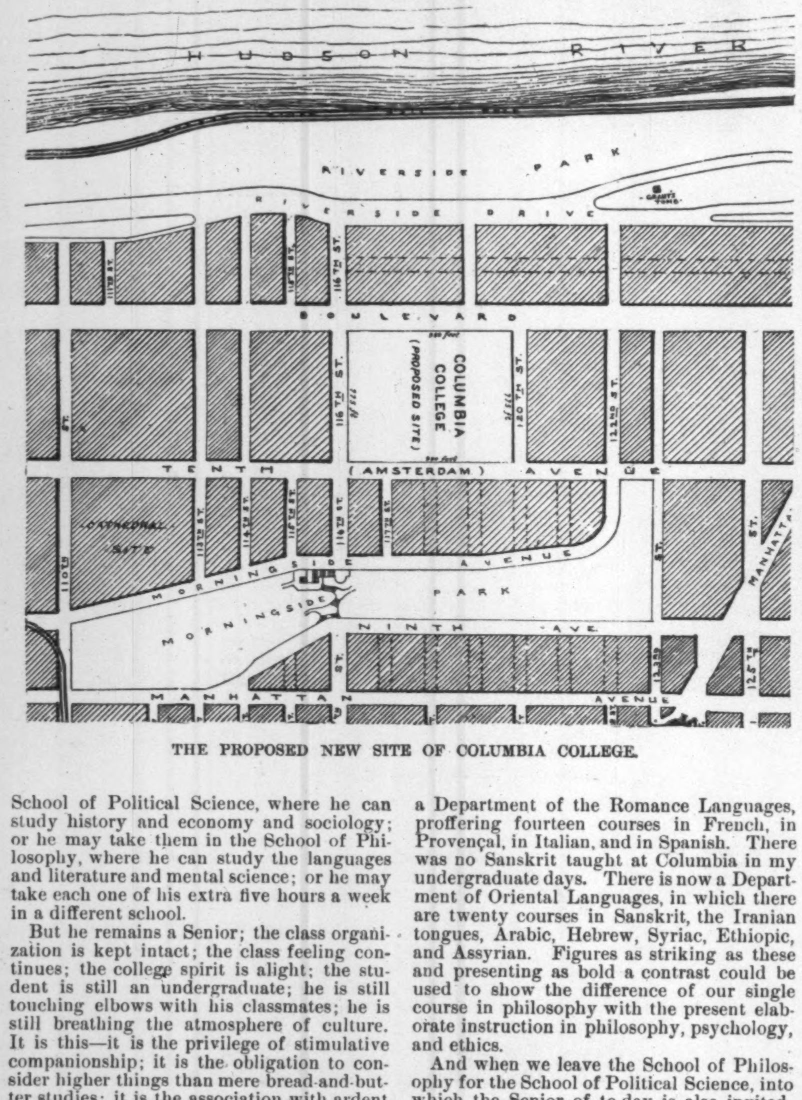
Having succeeded in organizing the faculties so that they can work harmoniously together, the President is now trying to establish relations not dissimilar with the students. He is endeavoring to establish a Committee on Regulations, a sort of undergraduate senate, to include the president of every class in every school of Columbia, and this senate is to be the means of communication between the authorities of the college and the students, with the hope and expectation that the body of undergraduates as a whole will thus be led to stimulate and to enforce the public opinion of the undergraduates against hazing, rushing, and the wanton injury of college property.

These needful modifications of college customs are typical of a time of expansion such as the present is in every important institution of learning in the United States, and in none more than in Columbia College. All over the United States colleges are multiplying in number and increasing in effective force; small colleges are growing into great ones; new colleges are projected on magnificent plans; everywhere the teaching staffs are being strengthened, and the opportunities for doing good work are being enlarged. Technical schools are being established, and in those already established the courses are being lengthened and the requirements stiffened. Yet the alarming fact confronts us that the proportion of college-bred men to the whole population is declining; that it is probably less now than it was when Alexander Hamilton stood on the steps of Columbia College and harangued the people of New York. For this strange and deplorable condition there are various causes. One of them, and perhaps the most potent, is actually the result of the improvement in the instruction provided.

The paradox is easily explained. Under the lead of Harvard, the colleges of America have been steadily increasing the requirements for admission, with the result of raising the average age of entrance. It is probably not too much to say that a young man who enters Harvard in 1892 is supposed to have carried his studies as far as a young man who was graduated from Harvard in 1792. Within the past twenty or thirty years the average age of those entering any of the leading American colleges has risen at least one year. And not only is the student a year older when he enters college, and therefore when he leaves it, but a third year has now been added to the courses of the chief professional schools. The result is that the young man who graduates from Harvard and studies law or medicine goes forth into the world to practise his profession at the age of twenty-four or twenty-five. The increase in the requirements of education and in the opportunities of culture has resulted in delaying the student's entrance into life until after he has arrived at man's estate and enjoyed its revenues for three or four years.

There can be no doubt that this delay is felt as a burden, and that it is partly responsible for the decline in the percentage of college-bred men to the total population. To relieve the college graduate from this handicap in the race of life, two plans have been proposed, and one of these plans has been carried into effect. One of these plans is known as the Harvard proposition; it has not yet been adopted anywhere. It is extremely simple; it consists in allowing the undergraduate to save a year by reducing the college course from the traditional four years to three. The other plan is that which has been adopted at Columbia. It is quite as simple as the Harvard proposition; it has been tried; and it is a success.

The Columbia plan is a modification of the optional system, which allows students in the upper classes to choose their own studies. Fifteen hours a week is the class-room work required of every undergraduate at Columbia. Formerly a Senior could choose these fifteen hours in courses not unlike those he had pursued as a Junior and as a Sophomore. Under the new Columbia plan he can take them in any of the schools of the college. The instruction offered by the School of Arts ceases at the end of the Junior year, and the Seniors are free to select their fifteen hours as they please in the School of Philosophy, of Mines (that is, of Science), of Law, or of Political Science. Thus the first year of the law course can be taken as part of the Senior year. Ten hours a week of class-room work is required in the Law School, and a Senior has therefore to take elsewhere five hours' additional work to make up his fifteen. He may take them in the School of Political Science, where he can study history and economy and sociology; or he may take them in the School of Philosophy, where he can study the languages and literature and mental science; or he may take each one of his extra five hours a week in a different school.



THE PROPOSED NEW SITE OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

But he remains a Senior; the class organization is kept intact; the class feeling continues; the college spirit is alight; the student is still an undergraduate; he is still touching elbows with his classmates; he is still breathing the atmosphere of culture. It is this—it is the privilege of stimulative companionship; it is the obligation to consider higher things than mere bread-and-butter studies; it is the association with ardent spirits full of youthful ambitions—it is this which is the best gift a college has in its hands. By the Harvard proposition the college course could be cut down a year, and an undergraduate could be cut out of one-fourth of this precious having. By the Columbia plan the year is saved in both ways—the undergraduate is doing a post-graduate work; but by so doing he is yet getting the benefits of a full four-years' course. In other words, the old college—the School of Arts—has been put under the professional schools, and thus made the foundation of the university.

If the undergraduate does not intend to be a lawyer or a doctor, if he does not desire to pursue one of the learned professions, if he is studying merely for culture and training and to fit himself for the battle of life, then he loses nothing by this plan, for he chooses his whole fifteen hours in the schools of Political Science and of Philosophy, or in the courses in science and art offered by the School of Mines. The School of Philosophy is, as has been explained, a reorganization of those existing post-graduate courses which did not already belong to one or the other of the technical schools; it is, in fact, a projection of the School of Arts. It is when I compare the number and variety of the courses of study which the School of Philosophy offers to the Senior of the class of '92 with the meagre options we were allowed in the class of '71 that I find the most salient evidence as to the growth of Columbia.

The classes of '69 and '70 had followed the old-fashioned routine, in which every study was prescribed throughout the whole course, and no elective was allowed in any year. The class of '71, when it reached its Senior year, had certain simple options presented to it. A liberty of choice was allowed between Greek and the calculus, if I remember aright, between Latin and physics, and so forth. Obviously no great burden of extra hours could be put upon the faculty, because it was already overweighted with work; during the four years of the class of '71 we came under the instruction of eight professors, of two tutors, and of one lecturer. (Perhaps it is not unfair to note here that the teaching staff of all the schools of Columbia is now about two hundred and fifty.)

We, in '71, as Seniors, had, therefore, two courses in Latin and two in Greek; the Seniors of '92 have open to them thirteen courses in these two languages. We had one course in English literature; the Seniors of '92 have eight courses offered to them—nine, as soon as Professor Woodberry begins his lectures. We could study German one hour a week as an extra; the School of Philosophy has now a Department of the Teutonic Languages, in which there are fourteen courses (of one or two hours a week each) in German, Gothic, Danish, Swedish, and Icelandic. There was no provision for instructing us in the language or in the literature of France. Now there is a Department of the Romance Languages, proffering fourteen courses in French, in Provençal, in Italian, and in Spanish. There was no Sanskrit taught at Columbia in my undergraduate days. There is now a Department of Oriental Languages, in which there are twenty courses in Sanskrit, the Iranian tongues, Arabic, Hebrew, Syriac, Ethiopic, and Assyrian. Figures as striking as these and presenting as bold a contrast could be used to show the difference of our single course in philosophy with the present elaborate instruction in philosophy, psychology, and ethics.

And when we leave the School of Philosophy for the School of Political Science, into which the Senior of to-day is also invited, the evidences of the same growth abound. We had no history at all twenty years ago, and a scant hour a week in political economy; but to-day there are twenty-five courses in politics and political history, in economics and in sociology, in taxation and in the tariff, and in railways; there are even series of lectures on the political history of New York State and of New York city.

In these comparisons I have no wish to reflect on the instruction which was given in my time; I desire only to draw attention to the superior variety of that now within the student's reach. Far be it from me to suggest even that the teaching is better to-day than it was a score of years ago. It is enough to say that there are now more professors, and that the professors have less pressing demands on them. Columbia has never suffered for lack of first-rate men in her faculty. It was to the students of Columbia that Chancellor Kent delivered his famous "Commentaries," and it was for the students of Columbia that Marsh prepared his "Lectures on the English Language," as noteworthy in their day as are in ours the stimulant and invigorating lectures on "Poetry" which Mr. Stedman has been delivering this fall at the invitation of Columbia.

Not only has the variety of the courses increased, as I have shown, but the co-ordination of the different schools has resulted in bringing the students in the different departments into closer union—and this is a thing greatly to be desired. In 1871 the undergraduates of the college did not forgather with the students in the School of Mines, and they knew nothing of the law students, who were away down in Lafayette Place. Now there may be among the attendants at a course of lectures in the School of Philosophy men matriculated in any or in all of the other schools; there may even be among the attendants students from the Union and General Theological seminaries, with which institutions the trustees have made what a railroad manager would call "pooling arrangements." That this is no mere possibility but an actual happening, I know from my own experience. In one of the courses of lectures I am now delivering in the School of Philosophy, a discussion of "The Prose Fiction of Great Britain and the United States in the Nineteenth Century," I have in the class Seniors and Juniors of the School of Arts, students from various classes of the Law School and the School of Mines, and one student from the Union Seminary.

The suggestion thus carried out was due to Bishop Potter, who declared two years ago that "such affiliation of the college to institutions of various learning around it would at once enlarge their usefulness and ennoble our own, and go far toward the realization of one's dream of the ideal university." The alliance between Columbia and the theological seminary, like that between

(*Continued on page 136.*)

SAN FRANCISCO THROUGH EASTERN EYES.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

WHETHER you drop down upon it after crossing the desert and the Sierra Nevadas, or whether you come to it at close of a long voyage at sea, San Francisco surprises you. It is at the edge of an empire of magnificent distances, over most of which the future is a thousandfold more important than the present, and yet you find it a great, bustling, parent city, surrounded by a family of thriving and sizable suburban towns. Its isolation, the difficulties of communication between it and the older civilizations of our country, as well as of those which we copy, have been so tremendous and still are so great that though I should criticise it in cold blood, and should find a million faults in it, there still would remain good cause for the San-Franciscans to be extremely vain of their work. And the more one considers the influences that have combined to make that city, the more one thinks of the character and aims of the people who drifted to that coast and clung there, of the discordant extremes of immense wealth and bitter ruin that befell them, of how little suited or minded they were at the outset to build a great city, the more criticism's point is dulled, the smaller the faults seem, the greater grows the meed of praise to the builders.

After a tourist has visited a few far Western "boom" towns, he feels his footing grow unsteady, as if he walked on thin and gaseous clouds. The man who can stop at six such places and boast a clear head in the last one, is of superior stuff. For myself, I had by that time become so confused that I lost all sense of proper values and of the true means of judging the commonest things. Fancy it! In one place I found a great area all built up with streets and dwellings, with real estate at the outskirts going readily at $4000 an acre, and with impressive brick and stone buildings in the business section costing from $30,000 to $60,000 and renting for $100 a year—for which rentals bogus receipts were given for vastly higher sums (the same to be shown to strangers).

After such a tour it is refreshing to find one's self in San Francisco. Every phase of its life seems genuine and substantial. Elsewhere you cannot escape the "price of lots"; in San Francisco you must go out of your way to hear that staple talked of. The people are engaged in a thousand businesses, and are attending to them, precisely as in New York or Boston or Chicago. Genuine business makes the air and the earth throb. The streets in the business portion are crowded with men intent upon their own affairs, the roadways thunder beneath great drays of merchandise, the retail shops display as wide a variety and as fair a proportion of high-class goods as those of any city in the country. The wholesale houses are fine establishments, with a solid and prosperous air about them. The cable-cars that dash through the streets amid the clangor of their own gongs keep even a New-Yorker's every sense wideawake, and, in a word, San Francisco strikes the visitor instantly as being instinct with the metropolitan spirit.

Like thousands of other New-Yorkers, I had constructed my own idea of the place. I had heard that San Francisco was more like New York than any other city on the continent, and as for the country and the climate, I painted them in *couleur de rose*. Therefore I was unprepared for what I was to see, and it hurt me like a knife thrust—I mean the first sight of the city, not the impressions I got in a month's stay afterwards.

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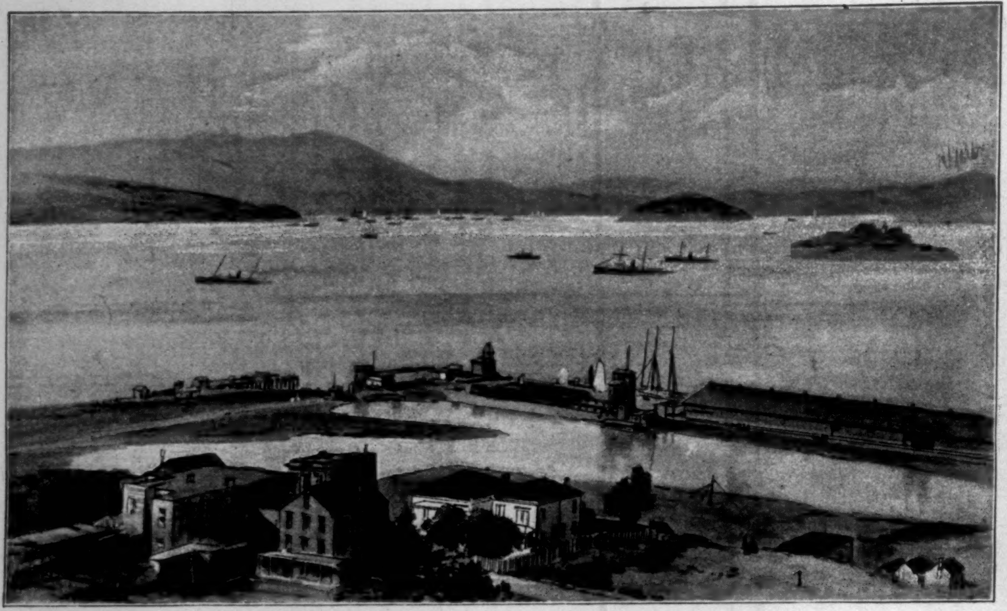

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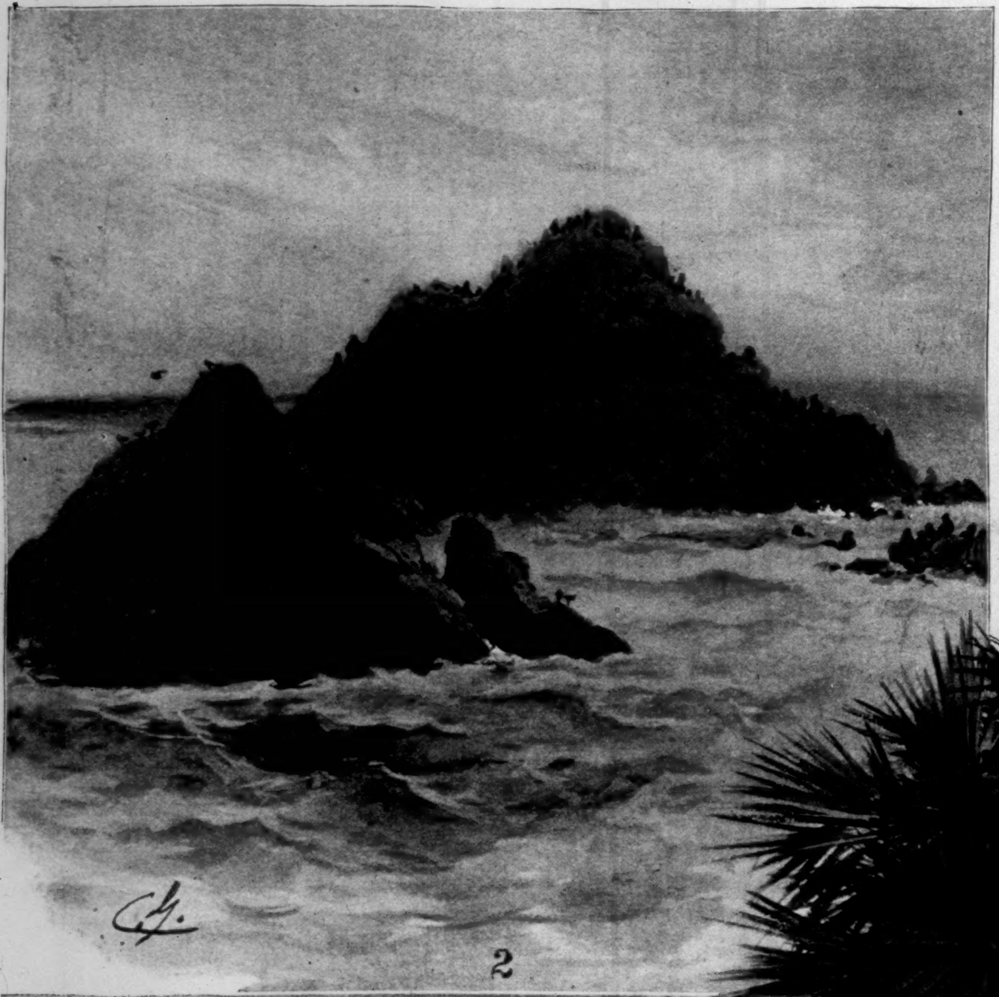

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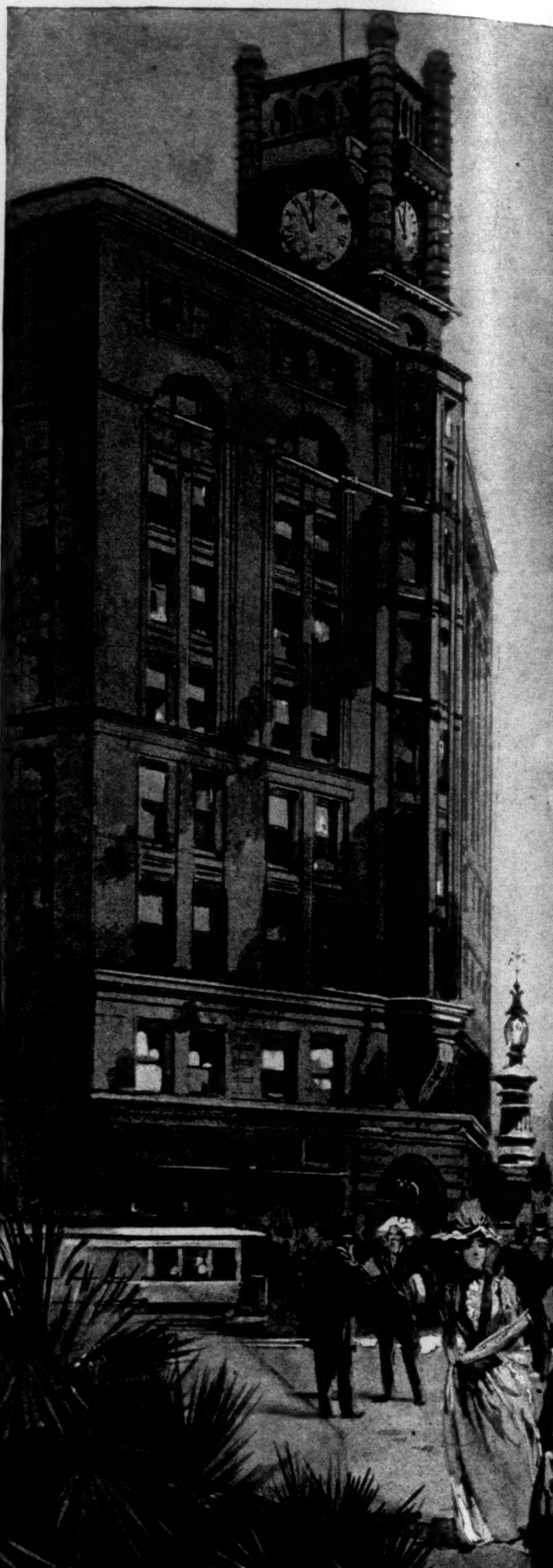

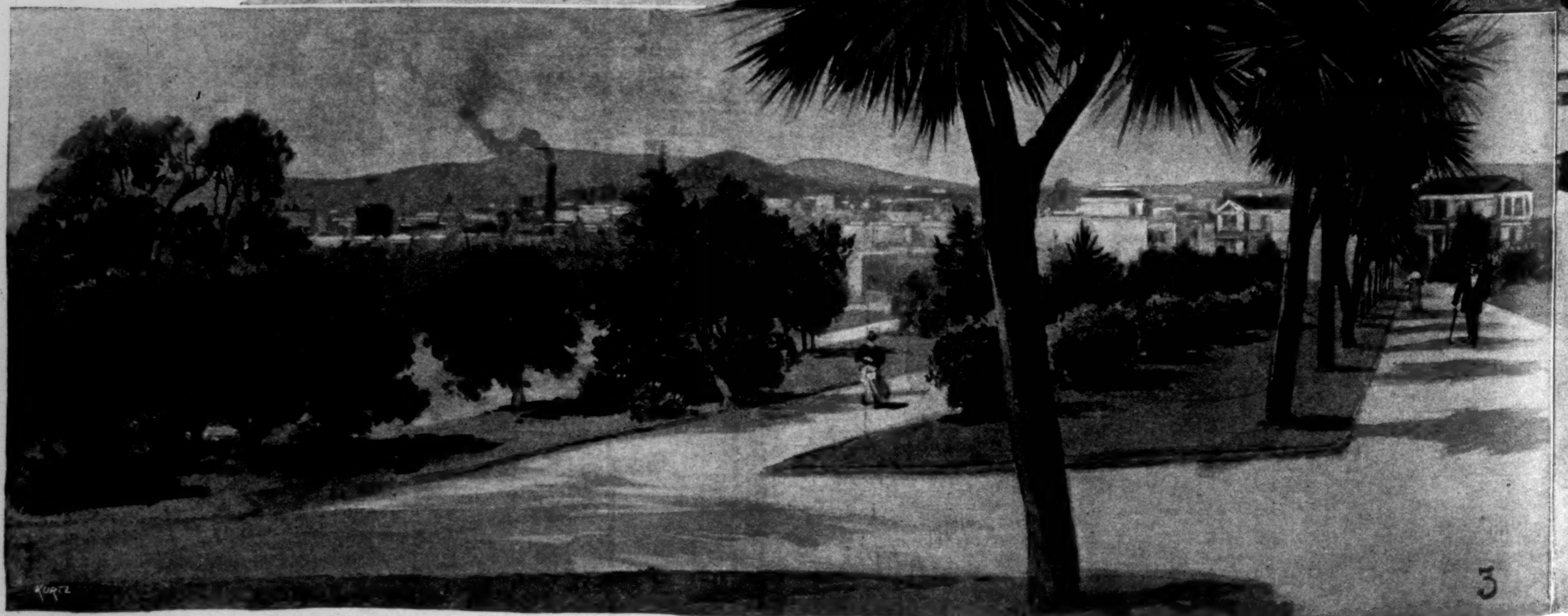

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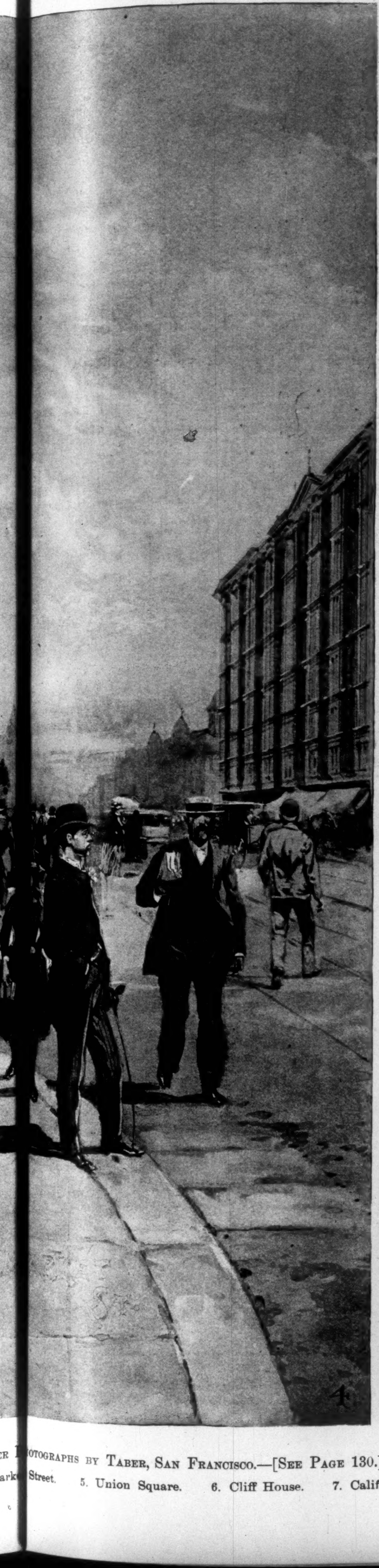
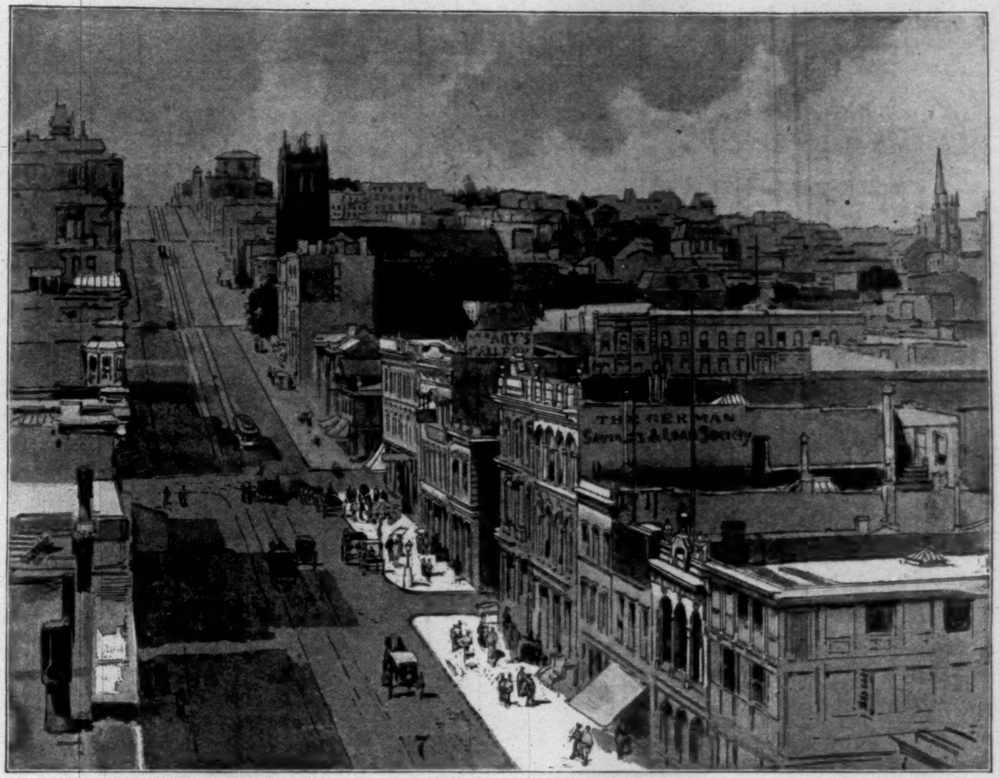
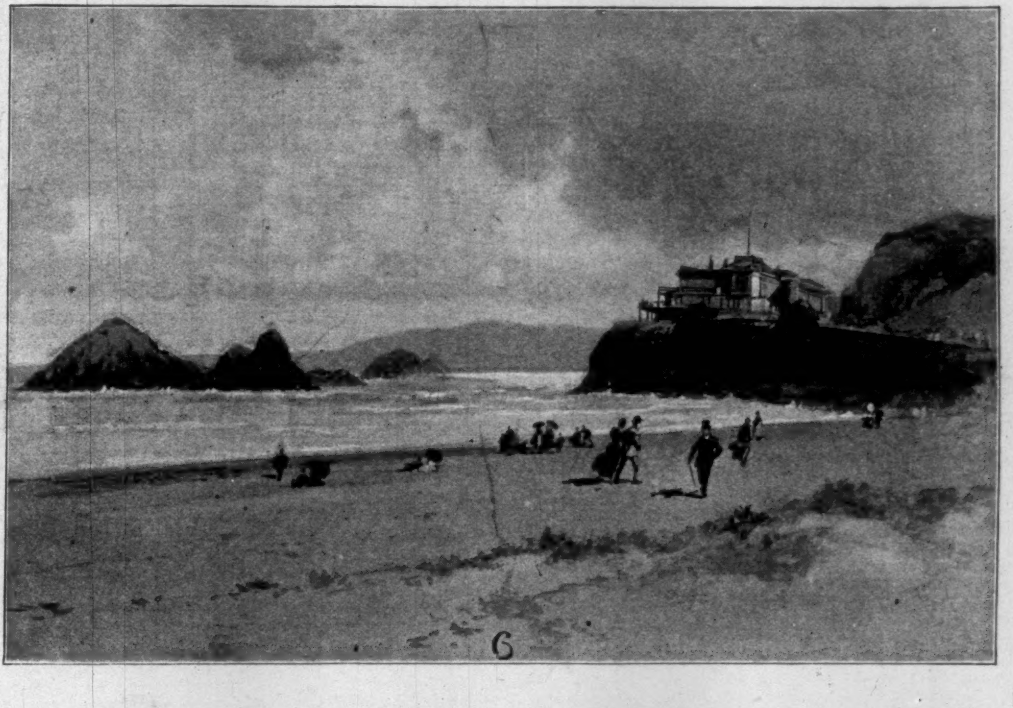
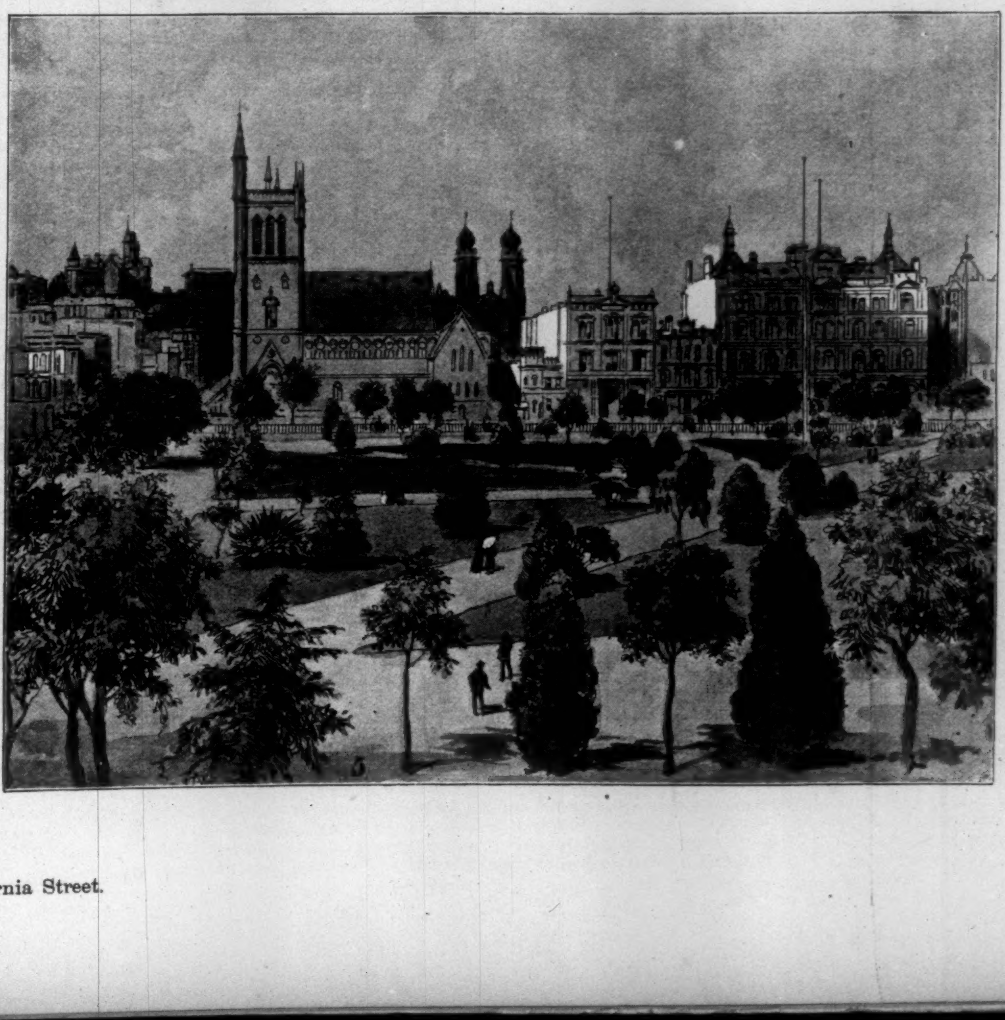
SAN FRANCISCO.—Drawn by Charles Graham after

1. San Francisco Bay. 2. Seal Rocks. 3. Jefferson Square. 4. Ma




THE GERMAN
Savings & Loan Society
7





R PHOTOGRAPHS BY TABER, SAN FRANCISCO.—[SEE PAGE 130.]

arke Street. 5. Union Square. 6. Cliff House. 7. California Street.

The steam-ship *Walla-Walla*, beautifully fitted within by San Franciscan taste and skill, entered the Golden Gate under a moonlit sky on a calm August night, disclosing a view as beautiful as ever could be formed by a combination of headlands, hills, water, and town. The shadowy hills rose majestically on every hand, the superb harbor was rendered doubly picturesque by reason of its bold islands, and the lights of the city and of Saucelito and Oakland gemmed the horizon as with a myriad of brilliants. It was hard to shut a state-room door against so beautiful a scene. But it was harder to open it in the morning and behold the revelation that the sunlight had to make! It was only the hills that were at fault, after all; everything else was as the moonlight had shown it. But such hills!

They were of dirt—reddish, yellowish, bare dirt hills. They hemmed in the glorious harbor; they composed the islands; they rose above and among the city's houses. And when I plunged into the city, and tried to forget the blow that I had myself invited by picturing home scenery where no one had ever said it existed, it seemed that the hills pursued me and hurled their surplusage upon me in clouds of dust, which, mingling presently with a bank of fog, grimed itself into my clothing, while the cold wind searched out my very marrow. I registered at the Palace Hotel—which I like better than any other, except one in Europe, of all the hundreds I am familiar with—and in a short time was on my way to Oakland. A countrified Brooklyn I had pictured Oakland to my mind, and lo! the stuffy, ill-kept cars carried me through a city of which the most that could be seen was a dust-covered, shabby avenue of cheap houses, drinking-saloons, little neglected dwellings, and low-grade shops. I had a surfeit of disappointment.

When I look back now and recollect how difficult I found it to leave that picturesque and fascinating coast, how many happy days and glorious pleasures I experienced there, I realize as never before the enormity of the crime men and women commit in writing locomotive literature—of the kind that produces the fruit and blossom of positive statement out of the soil of inference, conjecture, hasty opinion, and instant prejudice.

Those hills are just as bare to my mind to-day as when I first saw them, but the thought of them calls up such a flood of remembrance of rich colors and opulent vistas as I have seldom witnessed in any other travel. They were always glorious in color, and were never twice alike, though a rosy blush was ever the dominant tone in their appearance. At sunset every view of the harbor, every scene from the hill-tops, was positively gorgeous. In each house I visited, whether in city or suburbs, we came to count upon the last hour of each day as the vehicle that should bring a glorious spectacle to the view; a more and more glorious one, it seemed, as the conditions of nature varied with clouds or fog, or that supernal clearness which is seen on that coast at times, and which all but forces a doubt of the existence of any atmosphere whatsoever. At such times Italy can boast no bluer sky, and nature lavishes upon the hills and water an extravagance of color. One would expect San Francisco to develop a considerable artistic element, led by a coterie of great painters. And exceptional water-color work might be expected to go out from there in the travelling effects of most well-to-do visitors, for the dominant tones in nature lend themselves exquisitely to water-color reproduction. In fact, the city is already the home of some notable painters. I saw fine work by half a dozen at least, and the city has just loaned to London a portrait-painter who is making a stir there. But it is to San Francisco's discredit that her artists are not handsomely supported or encouraged. In the reason for this we shall see one phase of the defect that is the most striking and important failing of that people as a community. Those citizens who deal in high-class pictures say that while the very wealthiest men and women of the city have bought very few world-famous paintings, they have none the less expended a large sum in foreign works of art of lesser grades, and almost nothing at all in the products of home talent. There is among San-Franciscans, however, a considerable number of cultivated folk, living upon incomes of $5000 a year and upward, who give the local painters what support they get. One intelligent dealer of wide experience said that these patrons of the local progress turn instinctively to the best work, that they maintain homes as beautifully and elegantly appointed as any persons of their means enjoy in this country, and that they form a very large class in the city and suburbs. This cream of San Francisco society can do little for the public and general adornment of the city except through the moral influence it can exert.

To their presence I ascribe the fine clubs, the really notable retail shops, and the beautiful homes on such streets as Pacific Avenue, and scattered about Saucelito, Alameda, and Oakland. And to their powerlessness must be due the fact that, more than any city of its size I ever saw, San Francisco lacks those evidences of culture and local pride which are exhibited in the forms of statues, monuments, free galleries, fountains, libraries, elegant parks, well-kept streets, and noble boulevards.

The early motive that we call the Puritan spirit, and which showed itself in the foundation of cities over the greater part of our country, took note at the outset of the communal needs. It supplied first a school-house, and next, a church in each settlement. This action was only indicative of a larger public concern, which continued to be exhibited not alone in more and better school-houses and in elegant churches, but in all the other concomitants of civic pride and polish which, for want of another term, we might call communal betterments—the public "plant." In neither her shabby churches nor her flimsy school-houses do we detect that unselfish, affectionate, and almost tender regard for those institutions which most of our other cities exhibit. I can easily invent possible reasons for this—in the Spanish origin of the place, in the climate, in the large admixture of Southerners, with their habit of lavishing every luxury upon their homes, in the long period of speculative temper and unrest among the settlers, in the sequestration of the city, in a score of influences—but let that be; I state only the condition of what I saw. As for the purely public works of San Francisco—which include the school-houses and the streets—it ill becomes a stranger to take part in the local controversy in which one side boasts of an exceedingly small city tax (popularly called the "dollar limit"), and the other side groans because of a lack of money for every public need. Creditable as is the financial standing of San Francisco so far as her debt is concerned, the case reminds me of that of the man who tried to train his dog to live without eating, and who said, "I had almost succeeded when the dog died." Among the public papers that lie on my desk are the pathetic appeal of the chief of the only partially paid fire department for more hydrants and engines, and the reports of other officials complaining of lack of means for their work. As for the streets of the city, they may be said to cry out for themselves. Against these the small debt of the corporation makes an impression such as others may characterize.

But there are strong signs that the city is undergoing a revolution from which it will enter upon a very different career. In a short article upon the Golden Gate Park in the WEEKLY, I spoke of one hint of this new spirit. The rapid development of a stately avenue in Market Street is another and a proud sign of this awakening of the west coast metropolis. Those who planned this splendid commercial boulevard conceived an avenue of such proportions as only the most progressive city could be expected to appoint with buildings of commensurate height and dignity, yet already the noble thoroughfare commands a place among the finest streets in Christendom, and plans have been filed for several structures of a cost and size exceeding those of any which now grace the street. Until recently San Francisco stood alone as the great settlement upon that coast. She has no rival now, but other towns are growing apace and sharing the increasing commerce. It is plain that the metropolis does not intend that any one of them shall lessen the distance she has ever maintained between her own proud position and that of her foremost follower.

Comparable in width with no streets in our part of the country except Broad Street, in Newark (New Jersey), and the Bowery, in New York, this great new thoroughfare in San Francisco finds an almost level way for three miles, despite the hills that so strangely distinguish that city. In a short time it is to be doubled in length, and will connect the harbor wharves with the ocean beach. On either side of it rise such huge latter-day structures as the Palace Hotel, the new *Chronicle* building, and several others. Here the fine retail stores are centring, and the street cars, business wagons, and fine private equipages create what our grandfathers would have called a brave showing or "a fine confusion" on the roadway. Here also the people gather in the greatest numbers, and, however it may grieve a New-Yorker to hear it, the scene in parts of the street recalls the crowds upon Broadway. The San-Franciscans have their own etiquette—in nothing, I think, more peculiar to us than their habit of leaving the city in summer *to get warm*—and this leads the very nice ladies to shop in the morning and leave the street to "the crowd" in the afternoon. But knowing this, at one time or other we may see them all. It is while viewing the Market Street parade that we realize that we are looking upon a decidedly cosmopolitan community, and one that is stamped as foreign in a great degree. We have heard that not more than half the people are American, and on Market Street we get ocular confirmation of the news.

Since the best of the street is the shopping part, and most of the shoppers are women, we may pause to look at the fairer moiety of the town. They are almost Parisian in the fulness of their development, the graceful outlines of their forms, and the stylishness of their dress. The crowds are full of pretty women, and there is among them a greater abundance of that great concomitant and source of beauty, good health, than I remember ever to have noticed elsewhere. Very curiously, you see the two extremes, the blond and brunette, side by side, and numerously represented. Of flaxen-haired, blue-eyed women, with complexions of rose-tint on wax, you see scores; of olive-faced, jet-haired, black-orbed daughters of the South, you meet hundreds. There is a Spanish foundation to the population and a Spanish colony in the city; there are many Portuguese, some French, and for the rest, they are of the hodge-podge of races that constitute that which we call the American. And ever and again, as we view the daily parade, there patters by a Chinese woman, bareheaded, with plastered hair and almost ghastly face, wearing a long-sleeved coat and glazed trousers. Japanese and darkies, Greeks, Sandwich-Islanders, and Chinamen aplenty—all are in the crowds.

The spectacle is a particularly gay one, because the women wear more pronounced colors than you see even in Paris. I mean the women of the masses. The goods they wear are not different from those we see on our streets, but bright colors find a readier sale there than here. Whether it is due to the climate, or to the nationalities of so large a part of the populace, I don't know; in all probability it is due to both. But the effect is enlivening and picturesque to a degree, and it has to be taken largely into account in considering the attractions of this noble street. It has pleased many San-Franciscans, there and here, to assert that an Eastern man quickly discovers a freedom of behavior on the part of the women on the streets, a fondness for flirting, such as is witnessable nowhere else. Nevertheless, it is my opinion that there is no more orderly concourse in any city I ever visited than in San Francisco. There, even that form of vice whose control puzzles so many municipalities hides itself in alleys, and no more vaunts itself on the highways than if it did not exist.

It is unnecessary for me to say that the names in the city directory of San Francisco include some of those of the finest families in the Middle and Southern States and (perhaps to a less extent) in New England, or that I enjoyed more or less acquaintance with some of the most lovely homes I ever found anywhere. A heap of cruel and wicked nonsense can be generated in a distance of three thousand miles. I fancy a great many persons, there and here, believe that the revelations of Chinatown are appalling, even to a professional traveller, yet in making the tour of that peculiar region twice, with the ablest guides the local and Federal governments could provide, I failed to see any reason why the Caucasian should lose the palm for wickedness. I did not go to "the Barbary Coast," but unless that purlieu is worse than I was told it is, I shall continue to think San Francisco a particularly well-governed and virtuous city.

The city is scarcely what a strict Sabbatarian would order it. It is said that California is the only State with no Sunday law, and certainly there is little general notice taken of Sunday, so far as the appearance of the city goes, beyond the closing of the wholesale shops, and the hint conveyed in certain street signs which announce, "Boot-blacking, five cents; Sundays and holidays, ten cents." The drinking-places are not shut up, and in the residence portions the shops are nearly all wide open. The day is a happy one, it seemed to me, for the masses, but it is not at all our Sunday.

In Market Street and in the Seal Rocks the San-Franciscans have two grand possessions, the former one giving them the means to ennoble their city to whatsoever degree they please, the latter making it unique in the enjoyment of a most interesting exhibition. They will have a third grand possession when they have pushed their great park to completion, if they finish it as they have finished the first 180 acres. Not even the near presence of Sutro Heights, decked as might become a gigantic factory of plaster casts, can lessen the charms of the entrancing view from the Cliff House over the ocean and down upon the rocky islets, where the accommodating seals are ever present and ever at their gambols. For the edification of the public at large, it needs to be said that Mr. Sutro—who lent his name to the famous tunnel—has laid out some very pretty grounds upon an eminence above the Cliff House, and philanthropically permits the public to enjoy the garden and accompanying conservatory. But, in my humble judgment, he more than offsets this by literally peppering the entire grounds and walls and face of the hill with plaster statues, statuettes, heads, busts, and figures. The effect is—but I leave that for the imagination.

Would you know how San Francisco looks? It is a strangely foreign-looking place. Its site is broken by half a score of hills, and other hills frame it all around. They are not of the sort that our Murray Hill is, but "sure enough" hills, as Uncle Remus would declare, and they reach their height of hundreds of feet by very steep inclines. The business part of the city lies at the feet of several of these eminences, on a partly natural, partly artificial plateau along the water's edge. There the stores and houses are largely of stone, iron, or brick, and are very little different from those of any other such district in the East. But the dwellings of the city are so generally of wood that you may count upon the fingers of your two hands all that are of other materials. Whether the great Palace Hotel set the fashion by giving every outer room a bay-window, or why it is, I don't know, but seven in ten of the residences are adorned with these projecting windows wherever they can be put. This was the fashion of the town until Van Ness Avenue ceased to be the finest street, and it grows tiresome to the eye; but the last two or three years have seen erected a great many fine dwellings, planned by architects of taste for persons who exercise individual judgment. And now, as I write, the danger from earthquakes seems wholly discounted, and I saw several fine brick houses and stone ones going up. It is evident in many such ways that San Francisco is putting her best foot forward; and a very showy, fine foot it will prove to be. But, as it stands, you can scarcely imagine the foreignness of the effect of looking down on the city from one of its hills. Over a very great district the entire hill-studded view is covered with brown-painted wooden houses, mainly very small and low, and built in rows to the tops of many of the hills. As each house is seen with photographic distinctness in that clear air, the whole is as like a great painting of some place in a foreign land as if you viewed it from within the enclosure of a cyclorama.

But now of the joys I speak of having experienced during my stay. They were too many for more than mere mention. In the first place, in thirty days I only saw half a dozen that were foggy; and as for the wind, when I found that San Francisco dresses, as we would say, "for winter" all the year round, I put on my heavy under-clothes, and the cool breezes at once became delightful. Then there were the joys of the cable-cars—a solution of the problem of surmounting hills that is so perfect that I believe no city in the world is better served with means of inter-transit. The cable-cars were invented and first put to use in San Francisco. They usually run as a train, composed of a little open "dummy," or grip-car, and a closed car, like one of our horse-cars. A man who loves fresh air and open-air riding fancies that no king rides more gloriously than a San Franciscan clerk may in a "dummy." He goes flying up the hills and coasting down them as if he were a tobogganer, having all the fun and none of the work. The cables run at seven miles an hour, which is faster than our "elevated," in my opinion, and nearly as fast as our Bridge cars.

Then there are the flowers. They need a chapter as long as this article. They grow with an abundance past belief, and attain a size and glory of color we wot not of. You may buy your armful of cut flowers for "two bits," which is to say a quarter. And if the flowers demanded a chapter, the fruits would require a book. Say what any one will, they are quite as luscious as ours; not here—because they pick them green for shipment, and only a Bartlett pear undergoes that course with advantage—but out there, fresh off the trees. And they have fruits we know not of—green figs, for instance. Was there ever a greater delicacy than green figs sliced and served in cream? Apricots are more common there than with us; persimmons are cultivated, but not common. Strawberries, finer than any grown west of England, are to be had during half the year, and for half what we are charged when we think them cheap. Peaches, pears, and grapes were very plenty, and I am told that cherries are so at one season. Limes are plenty, and lemons scarce. Artichokes are a staple, and California is the land of salads. Those made of shrimps and alligator-pears are two delicacies worth going to San Francisco to enjoy.

But San Francisco is a gourmet's sixth heaven. It has a wondrous market, with fishes with which we are unfamiliar, with no refrigerated factory meats, and with an eclectic school of cookery to which China, Japan, Spain, Mexico, and Hawaii are contributors. There is no better restaurant in America than the "Poodle Dog," and business men in New York know no better luncheon place than "Ned's." The Palace Hotel restaurant would rank high here, and out there they have four or five as good.

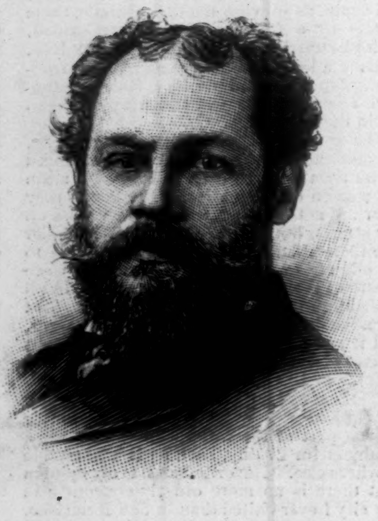
The trees are a study in themselves. The eucalyptus from Australia is useful in disciplining the sand hills, but it is a beast of a tree, skimpy and ragged. The pepper-tree is one of the prettiest lawn and street ornaments I ever saw, and the acacia and fig and bay tree and live-oak are all beautiful. The palms are always interesting to strangers to them. The scrub oak of Oakland and the suburbs generally is picturesque far beyond the wolf-willow and the alder that European painters never tire of celebrating. The redwoods are stately and noble fellows. As for the orchard trees, my rides through the fruit plantations near San Francisco were revelations. It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience to see miles of French chestnuts, English walnuts, prune plums, figs, pears, apples, almonds, apricots, and peaches growing as they grow there, often weighing the trees down until the branches had to be tied up and supported on poles.

My opinion of Oakland changed when I discovered that a watering-pot or a hose could turn what looked like Spain into what might have been our Mohawk Valley. And Oakland is crowded with pretty homes where the magic of the hose is understood, and where the lawns and flower plots are as fine as any under the sun. But I like Alameda better than Oakland, and Saucelito better yet. Saucelito is very Swiss, perched upon terraces, one above another, up a steep hill beside the Golden Gate. Every view from it is of the glorious harbor, blue as indigo, with great "square-riggers" riding on it, and gulls and porpoises enlivening the scene, while, better than all, the most comfortable great ferry-boats in America ply to and fro between Oakland and San Francisco, with their fortunate passengers drinking in the wondrous colors of the harbor, while good string bands feast their ears with melody.

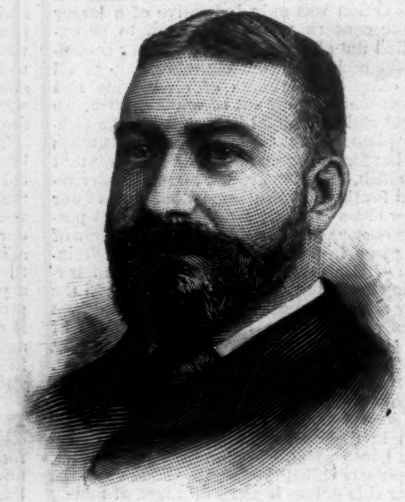
COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

(*Continued from page 130.*)

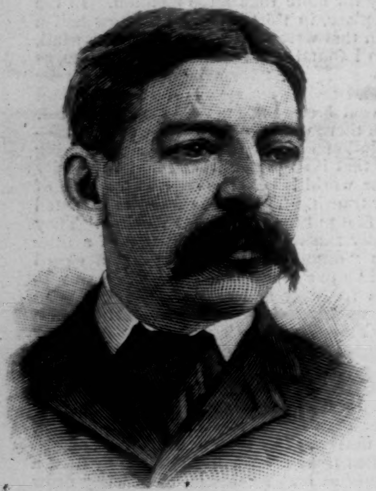
Columbia and the American Museum of Natural History, is evidence that the college is tending to take its place as the centre of the intellectual life of the city. To a host of learned societies having no formal relation to the college itself, and yet working toward the same literary, scientific, historical, and architectural ends, the college is hospitable. "There are some twenty-five or thirty such societies practically domiciled within the college walls, and finding there their working and efficient centre," said Bishop Potter, who also asked: "Did you ever walk up Madison Avenue of an evening? For if so, you must have seen that at night the windows of the college gleam like a light-house—true symbol of the illumination that streams forth on every hand."



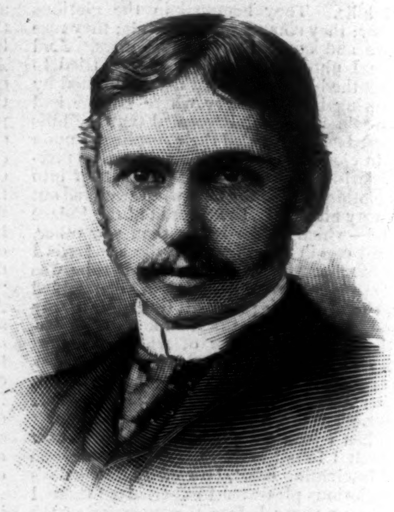
PROFESSOR HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.



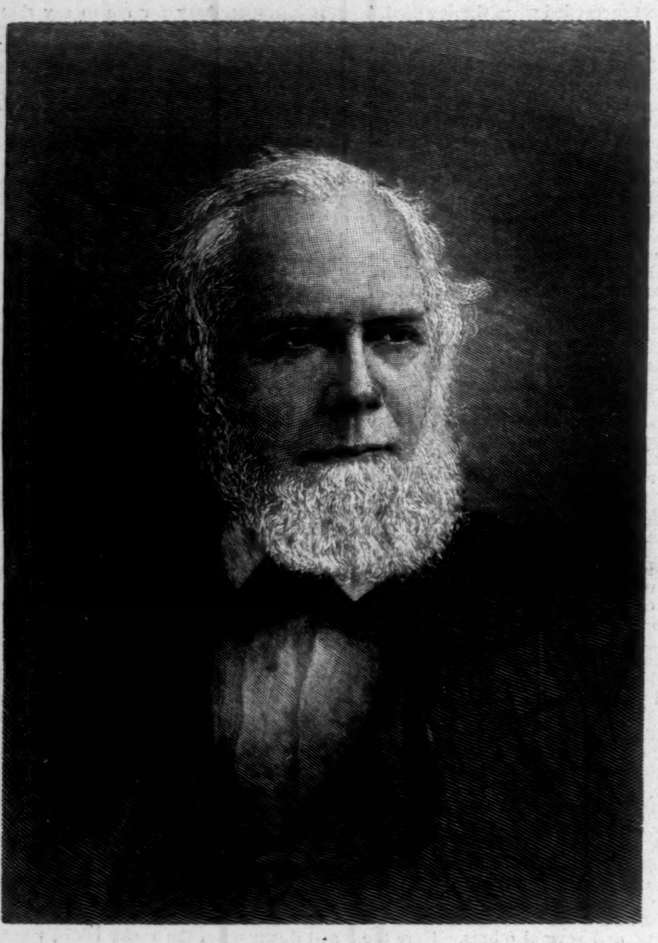
PROFESSOR JOHN B. MOORE.



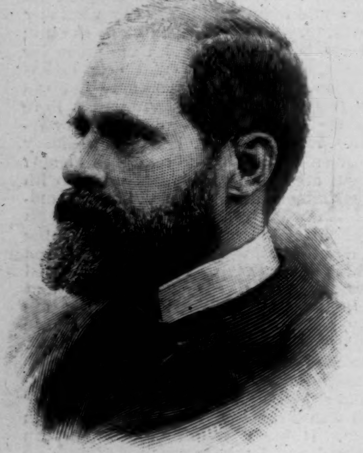
PROFESSOR GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.



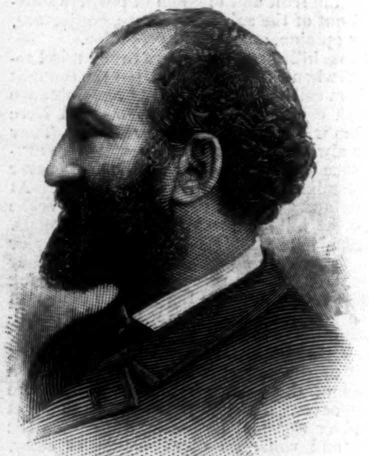
PROFESSOR HENRY F. OSBORN.



PROFESSOR HENRY DRISLER, DEAN OF THE SCHOOL OF ARTS.



JAMES W. McLANE, M.D., DEAN OF THE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.



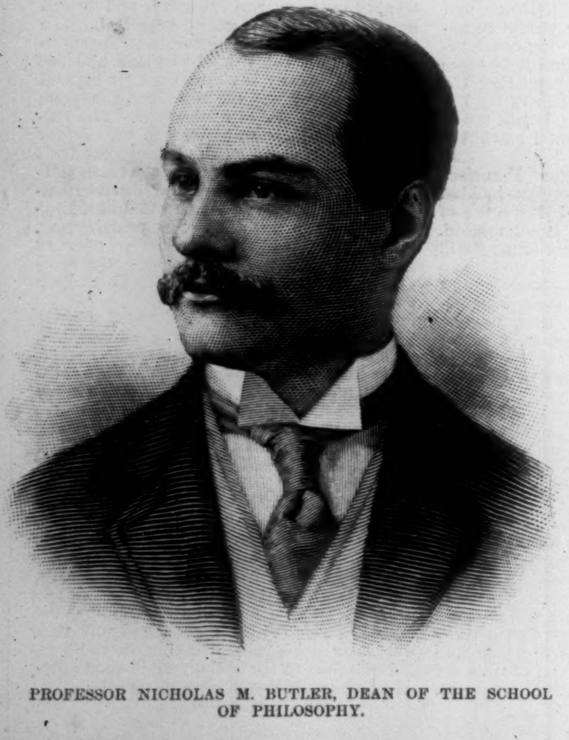
PROFESSOR ADOLPHE COHN.

It is my good fortune to be able to draw a contrast between the Columbia College of twenty years ago and the Columbia College of to-day; and I have tried to show that the rate of progress is far more rapid than most of us who live in the bustle and push of New York have had time to discover. I hope it may be my good fortune to be able to write another paper "On Twenty Years' Changes at Columbia" for the HARPER'S WEEKLY of twenty years hence. What Columbia is now, we none of us suspected when I was an undergraduate. What Columbia will be twenty years from now, if she continue to move forward with the same sturdy stride, I dare not venture to predict.

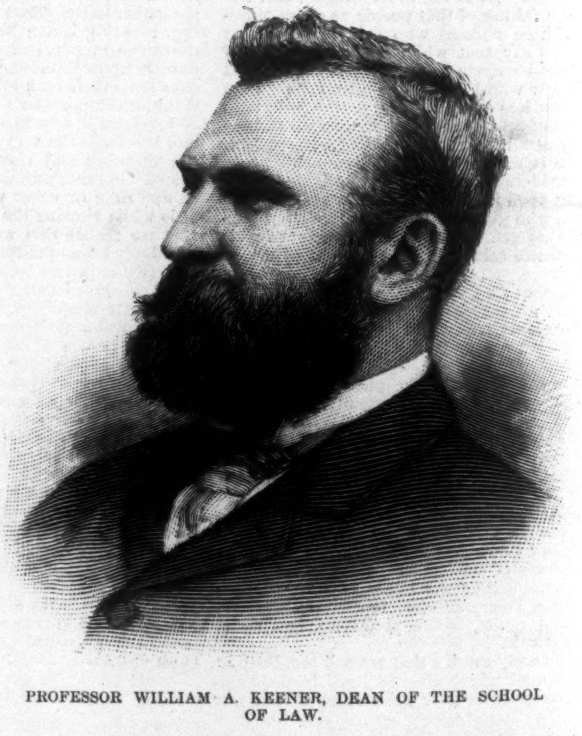
Columbia is cribbed, cabined, and confined in the scant block at Madison Avenue and Forty-ninth Street, and the trains from the Grand Central Station make the intellectual life not worth living there. The time has come for the college to move to a site where it can expand, where there will be room for all the schools, where it may be possible to provide dormitories, that the undergraduates may gain the full benefit of college life. To this end the trustees have secured an option on a part of the land now occupied by the Bloomingdale Asylum, between Morningside Park and the Riverside Drive, over against the new cathedral that is to be. Whether this move be made or not depends on the help which the citizens of New York shall extend to Columbia.

Despite popular belief, the college is not rich. Its rent-roll is probably as large now as it is ever likely to be. Its income is about $600,000, of which nearly $250,000 comes from the fees of the students. As President Eliot said at the alumni dinner which followed the installation of President Low: "It is simply impossible to carry on a great university in this expensive city with any such meagre resources as those which Columbia now possesses. She must have manifold more." And the President of Harvard told us that he spent $800,000 a year, and that Harvard had received in gifts of money within a score of years $5,000,000 in addition to $2,500,000 worth of buildings and lands. The friends of Columbia have now a chance to follow the example set by the friends of Harvard.

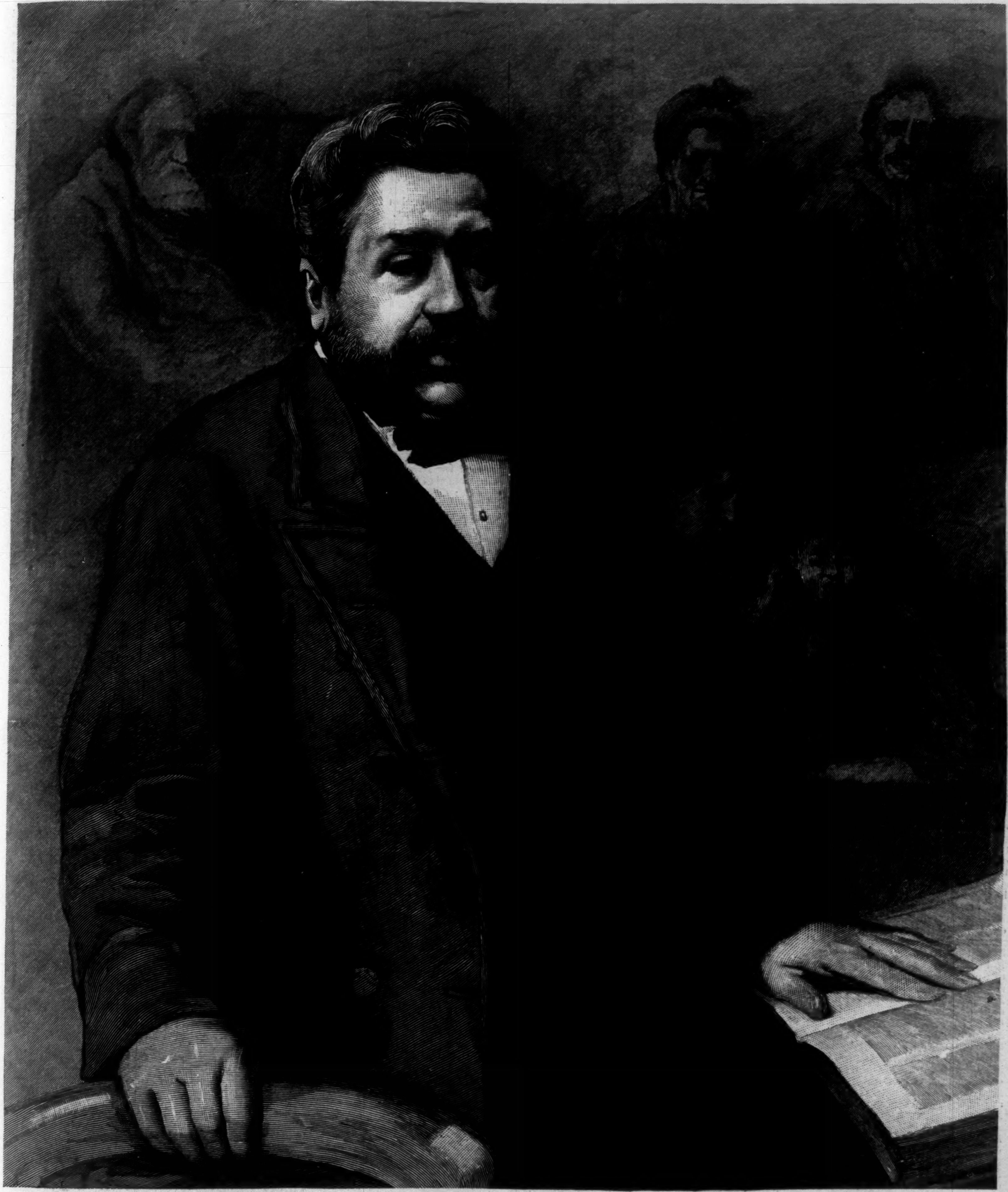
The trustees of Columbia wish to make the move, but the money for the new grounds and the new buildings cannot be taken from the college funds. The trustees hold that it is the faculty, it is the teaching staff, it is the human energy and the alert intellect and the accumulated learning of the professors, that constitutes a college, not bricks and mortar. They have decided that the funds of Columbia are not to be diverted from teaching, the prime object of a college, to the secondary purpose of providing buildings in which to teach. They agree with Garfield when he said, "Mark Hopkins on the other end of a log—that's what I call a university!"



PROFESSOR NICHOLAS M. BUTLER, DEAN OF THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.



PROFESSOR WILLIAM A. KEENER, DEAN OF THE SCHOOL OF LAW.



THE REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

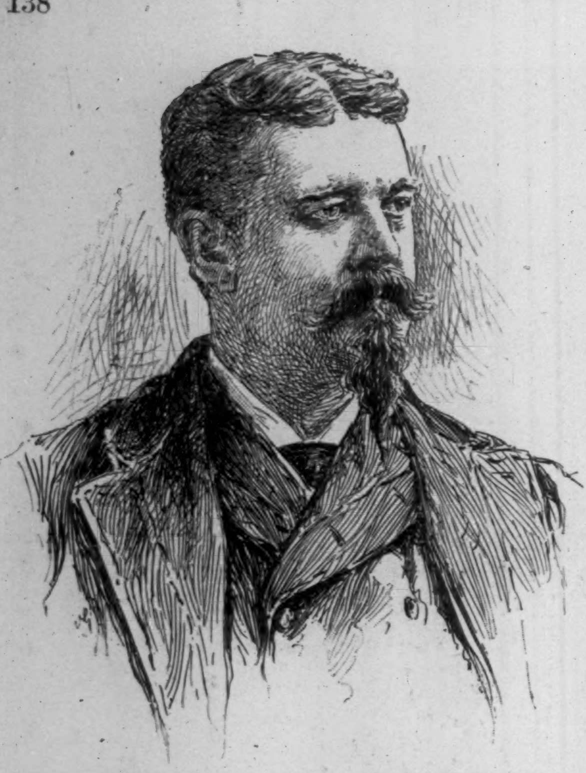
BY THE REV. THOMAS ARMITAGE.

This great man and renowned preacher, who died at Mentone shortly before midnight of January 31st, was born at Kelvedon, Essex, June 19, 1834, his parents being Congregationalists, and his father a clergyman of that body. While a mere child Charles was intrusted to the care of his paternal grandfather, who was the pastor of the Congregational church at Stamborne, Essex. His grandparent and all about him soon perceived that the boy was endowed with remarkable self-control, decision, a fine memory, a strong will, and ardent affections. A great career was often predicted for him, and in 1844 Rev. Richard Knill stated his solemn presentiment that Spurgeon would preach the gospel to many thousands. First he became a pupil in the private academy of Mr. Leeding, at Colchester, and then he spent a year in an agricultural school at Maidstone, his family intending to educate him at Cambridge; but he insisted on entering at once upon active life. At the age of fifteen he heard a sermon in a country chapel from an unlettered Primitive Methodist preacher from Isaiah, xlv. 22, and became a convert to Christ. After examining the New Testament on the subject of baptism, he was immersed, on a profession of his faith, at Isleham, May 3, 1850, by the Rev. Mr. Cantlow. At this time he had become a tutor in Mr. Leeding's school at Newmarket, and accompanied its removal to Cambridge, where he became a member of St. Andrew's Street Baptist Church, of which Robert Hall and Robert Robinson had so long been pastors. Soon he began to address collections of Sunday-school children, with the greatest possible success, and preached his first sermon in a cottage at Feversham. From that time crowds began to follow him, and at the age of eighteen he became pastor of the Baptist Church at Waterbeach, a village of 1300 people.

His fame soon spread through the south of England, and reached London, where in 1853 he accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the New Park Street Church. This church had been served by Drs. Gill and Rippon for more than a hundred years. The church had long struggled with adverse circumstances, and its congregation had decreased to about two hundred members when Mr. Spurgeon became its pastor. In a few Sundays his ministry drew larger throngs about him in London than had gathered in the Cambridge villages, and in less than a year his chapel, which seated about twelve hundred people, was enlarged. While this was being done he preached to multitudes in Exeter Hall, in the Strand, and his ministry became noted throughout Great Britain. But on returning to his own sanctuary the crowds which followed him were so great that the enlarged house was relatively smaller for their accommodation than before, and his church was compelled to remove to the Surrey Music Hall, a building which held about 7000 people. Such a ministry had not been known in London since the days of Wesley and Whitefield, and sometimes the gardens in which the hall stood contained thousands of people who could not find admittance within its walls. As this was a public hall newly built, of great beauty and celebrity, and not a "conventicle," tens of thousands who would not enter a dissenter's chapel flocked there from Sunday to Sunday, amongst whom were many members of the government and of Parliament, with well-known nobles, and not unfrequently the sons and daughters of the Queen.

The first sermon which Mr. Spurgeon preached here brought him to an important turning-point in his life. On

(*Continued on page 142.*)



THE HONORABLE CHARLES H. GIBSON, SENATOR-ELECT FROM MARYLAND.—After a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

CHARLES HOPPER GIBSON.

Charles Hopper Gibson was elected a Senator of the United States from Maryland January 21st. It was a singular and must have been a gratifying victory, for Mr. Gibson was not a candidate in the sense, as the politicians say, of seeking the place. He was filling out the interim between the death of his predecessor, Senator Wilson, and the election. Governor Jackson had appointed him, and Governor Jackson himself was an aspirant for the place. Senator Gibson supported him loyally, and although a movement was begun in his behalf, he declined to give it any countenance. Still he was chosen at once, receiving 86 votes, while Governor Jackson and the other seven candidates received only from 1 to 8 votes each. This self-abnegation is characteristic of the chivalric rules of conduct to which Mr. Gibson adheres.

He is a native of Maryland, having been born in Queen Anne County nearly seventy years ago. He was educated at Harford College, and was admitted to the bar in 1844. For more than twenty years he practised his profession in Easton, and received his first political preferment from President Johnson, who named him as Collector for the Eastern Shore of Maryland. At that time the Senate refused to confirm Mr. Johnson's appointment, and Mr. Gibson was one of the victims of the partisan warfare that was raging between it and the President.

In 1869 he was appointed a Commissioner in Chancery, and in 1870 he was appointed to fill an unexpired term as State's Attorney. He was elected to the office in 1871, and reelected in 1875.

He made his first appearance in Congress in 1885, having been elected to the House of Representatives in 1884. He was a member of the House for two terms, and after a long struggle was defeated for a third nomination. Mr. Gibson was a rather perfunctory candidate for the Clerkship of the House; but in the midst of the struggle, on the 19th of last November, Governor Jackson appointed him to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Wilson, which occurred immediately after the beginning of the term; so that Mr. Gibson will have practically a full term, having taken his seat, under Governor Jackson's appointment, at the same time that Mr. Wilson would have assumed it.

Senator Gibson is a tall, handsome, gray-haired man, wearing the mustache and goatee of the military man, and looking to be about fifty years old. He recently married Mrs. Hollyday, of Richmond, Virginia, the sister of Mrs. John Randolph Tucker. He is a hospitable, genial gentleman, not an orator, but is looked upon as a man of sound judgment.

THE POULTRY SHOW.

Ten or fifteen years ago, if it had been proposed in New York, or anywhere else in America, to hold during a whole week an exhibition devoted entirely to poultry and pigeons in as large and costly a building as Madison Square Garden, the person making such a proposition would have been looked upon as rather weak of judgment. But great changes have taken place in the taste of urban people for all phases of country life, and so it has come about that any show of a kind to bring the country nearer to the city is very popular. And during the past quarter of a century bird-fanciers have given such intelligent attention to the breeding of the various families of common fowls that the chickens themselves are much better worth seeing than they used to be when all of this was in a great measure left to chance. This is the third annual show of the New York Poultry and Pigeon Association, and the entries, which closed a week ago, assured the success of the venture. The exhibition is regulated by carefully prepared rules, that have been framed by those who are learned in the matter of such exhibitions.

In the list of premiums there are first and second prizes for each class for the best cock, hen, cockerel, and pullet, and very highly commended, highly commended, and commended also. This will make hard work for the judges, as in each class the best five birds will have to be selected. The list provides for many classes, and includes Brahmas, Cochins, Langshans, American Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Javas, Jersey Blues, Spanish, Andalusians, Anconas, Leghorns, Minorcas, Polish, Hamburgs, Dorkings, Red Caps, Crève-Cœurs, Houdans, La Flèche, Standard Games, Pit Games, Indian Games, Sumatras, Malays, Phœnix or Long-tailed Spanish, Yokohamas, Aseels, Cosaques, Orpingtons, Russians, Sultans, Frizzles, Erminettes, Silkies, Rumpless, capons, guinea-fowls, ducks, turkeys, and so forth. Of several of these there will be more than three hundred specimens, so it will be seen that the show will be a very large one.

It is a singular thing in considering all these many varieties, and seeing how vastly they differ from one another in appearance, that they are all descended from the same source, the *Gallus bankivus*. It is interesting to be told that of all the domestic fowls the black-breasted red game more nearly resembles the bankivus than any other variety. This appears to indicate that the game has been more purely bred than the other varieties. This is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that from very remote times, until within a few years past, cock-fighting was considered a most noble sport. It has in really civilized countries very properly fallen under the ban of the law, and a gentleman now would consider himself disgraced if he had been seen at a cock-fight. But the fanciers have not given up attention to the game varieties, as it is not only the most beautiful of all the varieties, but one of the most valuable. The game chickens with which we are familiar have many virtues, and to a delicate palate the meat is far superior to that of the ordinary fowl.

There are five distinctively American fowls, the American Dominique, the Jersey Blue, the Java, the Plymouth Rock, and the Wyandotte. The last two are unquestionably at this time the favorite fowls in America. No breed ever reached upon its merits so quickly a great popularity as the Plymouth Rock, and, singularly enough, the first appearance of this breed was greeted with derision by the fanciers, and it was nicknamed "the great American Mongrel." The Plymouth Rock was produced by a cross between a Dominique cock and a Black Java hen. This breed can be produced at any time by such a cross. Of the history of the Wyandotte, not so much is known; but it is considered tolerably sure that it is the product of a mixture of the Dark Brahma and the Silver-spangled Hamburg, and maybe also the Silver Seabright Bantam.

The experts hold that where chickens are kept for their eggs, those of the Spanish or Mediterranean breeds are the best layers. These breeds include the white-faced black Spanish, the Minorcas, the Andalusian, and the Leghorns. Of these, probably the Leghorns are the most popular. This variety was first imported into this country in 1835, but it soon became hopelessly mixed with other breeds. There was no further importation for sixteen or seventeen years. With this importation the history of the Leghorns began in America. Some, however, think that the Hamburgs are better layers than any of those just mentioned. This breed has a well-authenticated history reaching back for three centuries, and has always been admired. It is also a very ornamental fowl. For eating the Indian Game is considered the best of all, though the Dorking, which takes its name from the old market-town in Surrey, is most highly esteemed. And, by-the-way, it is held by some that the Dorking was taken to England by the Roman conquerors. This is disputed by others, who assert that its history is not more than a century old.

This show will do a service similar to those of a kindred sort devoted to dogs and horses, and will assist in convincing those who keep chickens that there is more honor and more profit in keeping pure varieties than in being content with mixed and mongrel breeds.

Jno. Gilmer Speed.

COLUMBUS IN MADRID.

A SUGGESTION FOR CHICAGO.

Spain joins the United States in a friendly rivalry in the celebration of the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. There will be opened in Madrid on the 12th of September, 1892, a Historical American Exhibition. This will consist of whatever will illustrate the civilization or barbarism of the Western world at the time of the discovery, and its progress down to the middle of the eighteenth century (1750). This exhibition, as it is planned, will be the most important ever made of the prehistoric period in the Americas, of the arts and resources at the date of the discovery, and of the effect of the introduction of a foreign civilization for the first two hundred and fifty years.

The Spanish government undertakes this exhibition under a royal decree of February 9, 1891, guaranteeing the safety of the objects loaned, and their return to exhibitors directly after the close on the 31st of December, 1892. The work is carried on by a commission, of which A. G. del Campillo, secretary of the Spanish legation in Washington, is Vice-President. His chief assistant in New York is Arturo Baldasano, Consul-General of Spain. A central committee is formed in Washington, and local committees have been appointed in Philadelphia, New York, and New England. They are as follows: New York—Arturo Baldasano, Consul-General of Spain; P. R. De Flores, President of the Spanish Chamber of Commerce; T. O'Neill, Secretary of the Spanish Chamber of Commerce; G. Garcia, editor of *Las Novedades;* Ramon Verea, editor of *El Progreso;* José Trebas; Antonio Cuyas; M. Cotheal, Consul-General for Nicaragua; Adolph D. Straus, Vice-Consul of Nicaragua; Professor Knapp, of Yale; General L. P. di Cesnola; Charles Dudley Warner; Dr. F. Puron; R. De La Cortina, and Dr. Robert H. Lamborn. Boston—Professors Justin Winsor, I. W. Putnam, Director of the Peabody Museum; Samuel Abbott, of the Public Library; G. W. Horsford, Samuel A. Green, Massachusetts Historical Society; and T. M. Tewkes, who has charge of Mrs. Hemenway's collection. Philadelphia—Professors Brinton, Frazer, and Cope; Charlemagne Jower; Henry Charles Lea; Dr. William Pepper; Professor Abbott, of the Pennsylvania Museum; and Professor T. Guiteras.

Our own government warmly favors the project, and it is very desirable that the popular good-will should be shown by contributions from private persons. The Smithsonian and the National Museum and the museum at Philadelphia will send over 4000 pieces, but there is an immense amount of interesting material in private collections which should be added in order to make the exhibition worthy of our reputation for scientific scholarship and research. For the information of exhibitors, the following list of articles desired is given from the circular of the Central Committee:

Prehistoric America.—Plans, models, reproductions, or drawings of ancient American caverns, and everything showing any trace of their having been used as human dwellings; plans, models, representations, or drawings, etc., of American menhirs, dolmens, tumuli, and other megalithic monuments, with specification, if possible, of the local name by which they are known in the country; models, drawings, representations, etc., of the remains of lacustrine dwellings and objects coming from that period; every kind of objects found inside and near the prehistoric monuments, or graphic designs of the same; stone arms and instruments from the paleolithic and neolithic periods; articles made of horn and animal bones; pottery, ornaments, utensils made of bones, ivory, wood, stone, and of any other materials; stone hammers and mortars; fossils or animal bones serving to prove the archæological discoveries of those ancient periods; arms, instruments, utensils, ornaments, and other implements of the copper and bronze ages.

Historic Period.—Models or representations of ancient American buildings, remains of chapiters, cornices, etc.; polychromatic architecture; plans, models, or drawings of restored monuments; statues, fragments of them, busts, bass-reliefs, etc.; pictorial art—painted architectural fragments and paintings on every sort of materials; engravings and etchings, antique wood-carvings.

Indian Industrial Arts, etc.—Clothing and adornment of aboriginal, uncivilized, and but partly civilized Indians; implements of war, offensive and defensive, of wood, copper, bronze, and iron; gold, silver, bone, and ivory jewels; necklaces, ear-rings, bracelets, etc.; pottery, household utensils, and furniture; tissues and textiles from which they are made; apparatus for manufacturing purposes; articles used in transportation by water and land; documents written in their native tongue; pictures, photographs of Indians and effigies of the same, with their wearing apparel, weapons, etc.; models of Indian dwellings; Indian crania.

Cartography, etc.—Maps, plans, charts, drawings, and all that concerns the ancient cartography; models of vessels anterior to the voyage of Columbus; carabelas, portion of the same or of their rigging; models of drawings thereof; astrolabes and nautical instruments, marine charts and maps used at the period of the discovery of America; objects of personal use of Columbus; pictures of the same; American architectural monuments.

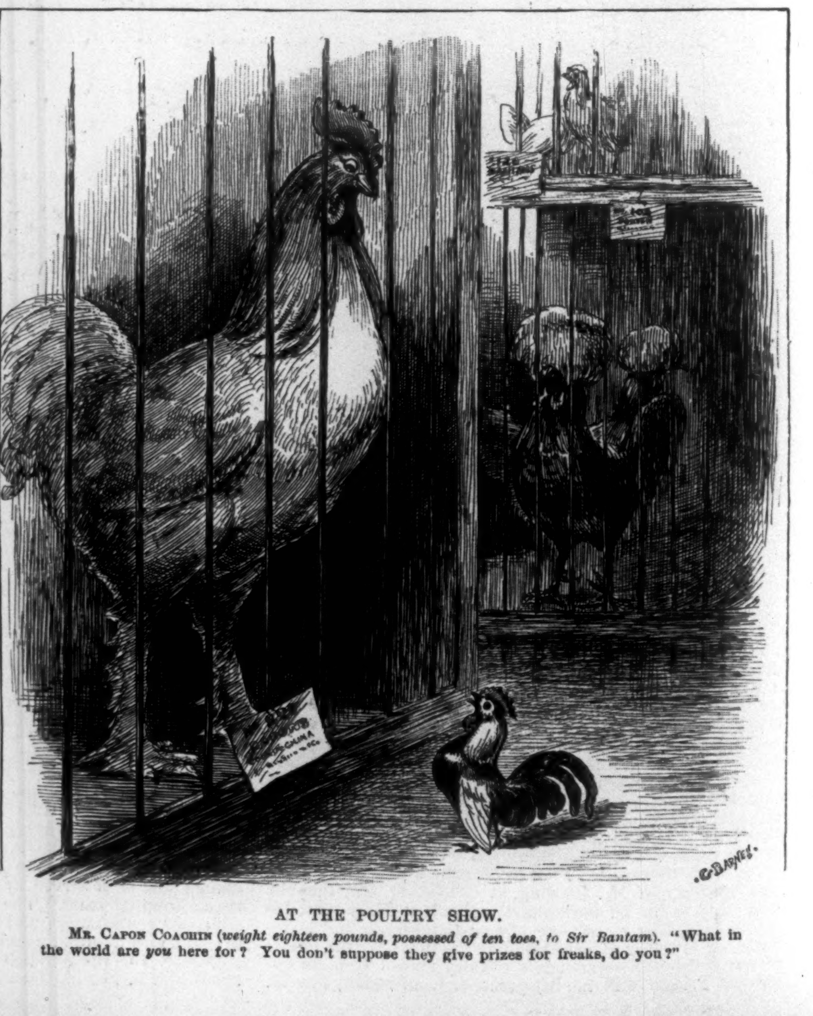
Fine Arts, etc.—Ancient architectural monuments, sculpture, paintings, engravings, industrial and artistic works following the discovery; American coins; literary and scientific publications, manuscripts, charts, and plans from the discovery to the middle of the eighteenth century.

The Spanish government will pay all expenses connected with the sending and returning of the articles, and of course they will be free of customs duties. An international jury will award prizes of honor and gold, silver, and bronze medals to the exhibitors.

No exhibition of a historic character anything like so extensive and comprehensive as this has ever been attempted before. Naturally a great proportion of the material must come from the United States, and we never before have had an opportunity to show to Europe that our scientific research has kept pace with our industrial energy. The memorials of the era of adventure and discovery which Spain herself will furnish, independent of her colonies and former dependencies, will be of the highest interest, and altogether the exhibition will have a unique character.

As the Madrid exhibition will close with the year 1892, there will be ample time to transfer it to Chicago at the opening of the International Exhibition there in 1893. No doubt portions of the contributions from the Americas will find their way there in any event, but the show would be much more useful and effective if the exhibition could be transferred bodily, exactly as it is arranged and classified in Madrid. It would be, even for our own people, one of the greatest attractions of our Columbus celebration. It seems reasonable to suppose that the Spanish government would consent to this, if the response of this country to the Madrid exposition is enthusiastic and liberal.

Charles Dudley Warner.



AT THE POULTRY SHOW.

Mr. Capon Coachin (*weight eighteen pounds, possessed of ten toes, to Sir Bantam*). "What in the world are *you* here for? You don't suppose they give prizes for freaks, do you?"

AMATEUR SPORT

THE CHANCES FOR INTERNATIONAL POLO between England and America appear to be growing beautifully less. There is just now an Englishman in this city endeavoring to induce our Polo Association to make an official effort to send over a team this year. But the Association finds its very first move checkmated. Players, of course, are the first consideration, and the very best ones we have are necessary in order to make the proper showing on the other side. The very ones, however, that should by all means be on the team are those who cannot take the necessary time for the trip. An international team without August Belmont and John E. Cowdin would be sorely handicapped, for the positions these men play are important, and none fill them so well. Though we cannot send over the very pick of our best players, however, it is possible to send over a strong team, and every effort should be made to bring about such a result. It would give our men very valuable practice, and the American game a tremendous lift; they might not win, but they would be certain to make a close, interesting game. The Polo Association should leave nothing undone to put an American team on British soil this summer.

MOREOVER, UNLESS WE SEND over a team, there is no possible likelihood of an international match in '92. It seems that England's crack players, the Peet brothers, are, like our own stars, equally unable to take the time from their business for an American invasion. We could hardly expect the Englishmen to make any very great effort to send a polo team over here, for they naturally feel it to be our turn to meet them on their own ground. With us, however, the case is entirely different, and the apathy shown by both players and the Association is deplorable. Although the loss of such men as Messrs. Belmont and Cowdin would be severe, there are at least a dozen men who would be able to make the trip, and from whom a team could be chosen that would make a close game with the Englishmen.

POLO AT HOME the coming season will be very active, and probably undergo some changes that will give teams more playing on home grounds. So far as fulfilling the promises of the prearranged schedule, last season was an utter failure. Dates were given each club that sometimes stretched over a week's play, but the actual playing was nine times out of ten confined to one, or at most, two days. Scratching was the order of the day, and the result was far from satisfactory. At the Boston and Philadelphia weeks the showing of players from this vicinity was very meagre. The cause is readily discovered in the great amount of work demanded of the ponies by such an arrangement, and the disinclination of men to be trotting about from one place to the other with little or no interval for resting.

BEFORE THE SCHEDULE FOR '92 is completed there will probably be some discussion of these matters that may bring about a change in the order of the season's play. Men do not like to be travelling hither and thither, and their ponies cannot stand the wear and tear incident to swinging around the circle without injury. The clubs in this immediate neighborhood are not so widely separated as to make the journeying from one to the other a matter of very great consideration as far as the ponies are concerned, provided they are given several days' rest in the interim. The life would be taken out of polo if there were no inter-club contests, and for that reason there is the greater necessity for not arranging the schedule until all the facts have been duly weighed. It seems as though no better plan could be proposed than that providing a week's play (beginning on Tuesday) on the home grounds of each of the clubs in this vicinity, but the innovation should be made of a week's interval between each date. There are several reasons why such an arrangement would be acceptable, a few of which are: rest for both man and beast, opportunity for practice, desirability of not becoming a stranger in one's household, and possibility of home club members seeing more of the game and the team.

BUT THE STRONGEST REASON why the schedule of the regular season should include only every other week is the opportunity that would be afforded the second teams of each club (or rather the players of the second class, for not all the clubs have regularly organized second teams) for practice with the first teams. Nearly all the clubs have players hoping that some day they may fill a place on the first team. Moreover, the future of the game demands that this class meets with some recognition. The men now on the first teams are not to be with us always, and if we are training up no players with which to replace them, what is to become of polo in America? The reason the game meets with such success in England and India is because it is so generally played. Match games are not confined to the (comparatively) few teams of cracks. Heretofore, it must be confessed, we have paid but little attention to the second class, and its opportunities for valuable practice have been few and far between. Now and again some player, more persistent than another of the neglected ones has persevered, and by brilliant work pushed his way to the front, like Francke or Whitney or Stevens or Ferguson; but there are not many of them, and the public knows nothing of polo players save those whose names are as familiar as the lamp-posts on the corner, and who have been playing time out of mind.

WHILE IT MAY AT FIRST consideration appear that a schedule on this basis would work to the detriment of other clubs in the Association at a greater or less distance from New York, it really would benefit them. They would be thrown to a considerable extent on their own resources, and the natural result would be the development of a second team. In time the second team would become skilled, being coached steadily by the first team, which would come into contact with the best players in the country at some central location in a tournament where all the first teams would be entered. Both Boston and Philadelphia have greatly improved in the last few years. Buffalo has languished, though there is some chance of its rejuvenation this year. It would be quite feasible to have one week's play in the season either at Westchester or on Long Island (for they are the nearest to the greatest number of clubs), or by turns on the fields of the several clubs in this vicinity, where all the teams might meet once a year to decide the championship of the Association.

THE REINSTATEMENT OF FRED HAWKINS (M.A.C.) by the Executive Committee of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen is a tardy bit of justice. It is one of the few strong links in the chain of stupid blunders that has encircled the rulings and counter-rulings of these athletic and aquatic bodies. But a chain is only so strong as its weakest link, and candor compels the acknowledgment that of that kind there are many, and they are very frail. A couple of years ago the A.A.U., with a flourish of trumpets, disqualified Malcolm W. Ford. For one full year they hunted high and low for evidence to warrant their fulminations. In the mean time Ford was debarred from competing, and lost the opportunity of winning several championships. Finally, after having attracted the ridicule of the athletic world, and very much weakened their own influence, the A.A.U. failed to make a case, and was compelled to reinstate Mr. Ford.

Last August, just on the very eve of the National Regatta, and after he had even drawn his position in the race, young Hawkins was disqualified because the committee "thought" and "believed" and "suspicioned" this and that and the other thing. After faithful training all the season, at the eleventh hour he found himself debarred from competing in a race almost certain to result in his winning a championship. Now, like the A.A.U., after much thunder and many direful threats of exposure, the Association finds its action to have been too hasty.

It must be rather humiliating to these great bodies. One should think they would be a little more careful at the outset. But what of the injured athlete or oarsman? The law gives the citizen redress for false accusation or imprisonment. Is not the athlete to have some similar protection? Shall he be deprived of his liberty (athletically speaking) because, forsooth, some bellicose committee fancies it scents a transgression?

THE FORD BUNGLE was the means of the A.A.U. passing a rule which permitted an athlete who had fallen under the ban immediately preceding a championship meeting to compete under protest. Had such a rule been in force three years ago, Ford would probably have had another All-round championship to his credit, and Hawkins, under the same rule, would hold an aquatic United States championship.

No association, athletic or aquatic, has the right to refuse an entry to a championship meeting on the mere supposition of misdemeanor. Every man has a free-born right to be heard before he is condemned, and the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen must follow the example of the A.A.U. in its ruling in this direction, if it values the respect of sportsmen generally.

Mr. Hawkins is to be congratulated on his vindication; and Mr. Fortmeyer is to be commended for the persistency with which he has clung to the N.A.A.A., and finally brought it to the bar of justice.

IT IS A VERY ANCIENT SAW—that of the ill wind which blows nobody any good, etc., but this Hawkins case is a strong demonstration of its truth. A resolution was passed at the same meeting which reinstated him, recommending the adoption of a rule prohibiting oarsmen competing in an Association regatta unless they live within fifty miles of the club they represent. This rule should go through with the one just advised for the protection of the athlete. There is a growing sentiment that the day has passed for the grabbing up of athletes all over the country and placarding them with club emblems. It has the disadvantage of invariably causing uneasiness over the athlete's amateur standing; not infrequently it loses local clubs material that would bring them into prominence, and thus indirectly help the general cause of sport; and it has always a more or less demoralizing influence on the lads that are to be our champions a few years hence. Justly or unjustly, it lends a professional taint that must be harmful; it gives the impression that this athlete is not rowing or running or playing ball because of his love for competitive sport, but because in somewhere or another he is "induced" to compete under the colors of this particular club.

It's an ugly thought, and we don't like it. But an extremely gratifying fact is the changing sentiment in athletics, which is working many desirable reforms. The past two years have witnessed the expunging of several unhealthful growths. The most baneful of all, the professional (in all but name) slugger, is responding to the call of time very groggy, notwithstanding the services of the A. A. U. in his corner, and by another year we shall find our standard higher and brighter than it has ever been.

A DISCUSSION IS NOW PENDING as to whether the referee at the recent In-door Championships of the Metropolitan Association had, on appeal to him and claim of foul by one of the contestants, authority to render decision, and whether the Games Committee had authority to sustain his ruling or act in the matter at all. The relations of the A. A. U. to L. A. W. are too mysterious for the ordinary outsider to fathom; there are too many divisions and subdivisions, and stratas and substratas of elaborate ruling to hope to reach a clear understanding of just how they do stand.

But one thing is pretty clear in the minds of most observers, and that is, if there is any understanding by which the functions of a referee at athletic games where bicycle events are included are nullified, the sooner, to quote Frank Daniels, "we understand one another," the better it will be for both of us. If the A. A. U. referee is not good enough for the L. A. W. wheelmen, we had "better get another boy," and as for the Games Committee, it will be a curious precedent if it is declared to have no jurisdiction over that which it has ordained.

In the mean time, the referee, Mr. Mathewson, will please accept the assurance that all sportsmen heartily commend his disqualification of the Murphy for his zigzag interpolation during the performance of the Only and Original Brother Act.

SINCE THIS COLUMN first published the information that Harvard had made a proposition to Princeton, and been rejected, for a game of football here in New York on next Thanksgiving day there have been many sensational and misleading paragraphs on the subject printed in the newspapers. It was a bit of startling news, to be sure, but it failed to disturb the peaceful intercourse of Princeton and Yale; on the contrary, it has drawn them into closer relationship, and I have not the slightest doubt that inside of another ten days an arrangement between the two in both baseball and football will be consummated for a term of years. Harvard disclaims any intention in her proposition to Princeton of "ignoring Yale," and possibly there was none; but Yale could hardly be expected to look at it in that light. To come down here and make a proposition to Princeton for a Thanksgiving-day game *anywhere*, when Harvard knew that the Association (in which were Yale, Princeton, Wesleyan, and U. of P.) stipulated for the two leaders to decide the championship in New York on that day, was, to say the least, decidedly impolitic. And it was especially open to criticism, inasmuch as the proposition was made Princeton before consulting Yale, the college holding the championship. There are but two ways in which Harvard may play football in New York on Thanksgiving day—entering the Association and earning the right by being one of the two leaders, or persuading Yale and Princeton to dissolve the Association, which they will not do. With all the facts before me, I have not gone into the discussion of this matter deeply, because it would hardly interest the public not acquainted with the details, and because of consideration for Harvard, whose athletic advisors have made, let us hope, their last mistake. Give us more sport and less legislation.

YALE AND PRINCETON have arranged baseball dates: May 21st at New Haven, June 11th at Princeton, and in case of a tie game, June 18th in New York.

Harvard and Princeton on Saturday arranged for two games—May 7th at Princeton, May 30th at Cambridge. In case of a tie "arrangements will be made hereafter for a third game," which is a very, very foolish agreement, because it invariably leads to a wrangle over the place and date for the deciding game. It is infinitely easier and quite as satisfactory to arrange now for that tie game; but uncertainty of date and place for the tie game seems to be a pet scheme of Mr. Winslow's, a peg on which he can hang his coat and hat preparatory to sitting down for a good, comfortable, endless argument.

Harvard wants to work the same arrangement with Yale, but it won't go. Yale will insist on the date and place of tie game being decided at the beginning of the season. Yale has been there before.

CANOEING IS SOMEWHAT out of joint with the times just now, but that does not prevent considerable talk at the clubs concerning the plans for the coming season. In fact, canoeists are always discussing plans for the benefit of their hobby. And well they may, for it deserves all their consideration. There is no form of sport that excels canoeing (cruising), and it is doubtful if there is one that equals it. For those who can take a few weeks each year, it offers inducements afforded by no other form of recreation. You can derive more pleasure to the dollar out of canoeing (comparatively) than from the most pronounced racing freak of a yacht. Your cruising is all in the most picturesque parts of the country; you go where you please, put in where you like, stop where you will, and all at a cost astonishingly cheap.

IN THE LAST couple of seasons we have noted the growth of the war canoe, propelled by paddle entirely, and the sport had by a few races with them has created something of an interest in paddling races generally, which were giving away very extensively to the sailing events. There is now some talk of building enlarged war canoes, to hold from a dozen to thirty or so, and racing them. There are a few fairly large paddling canoes now in existence, but they have served heretofore on moonlight and other nights as mediums for the introduction of the gentler sex to the fascinations of the sport. These may be manned for racing, and, *per contra*, the ones contemplated for racing may, on occasion, be sacrificed to love and beauty. In either event, it looks as though the regattas of the summer would be made doubly interesting by these large canoe races, each boat with a crew of probably twelve to fifteen paddlers.

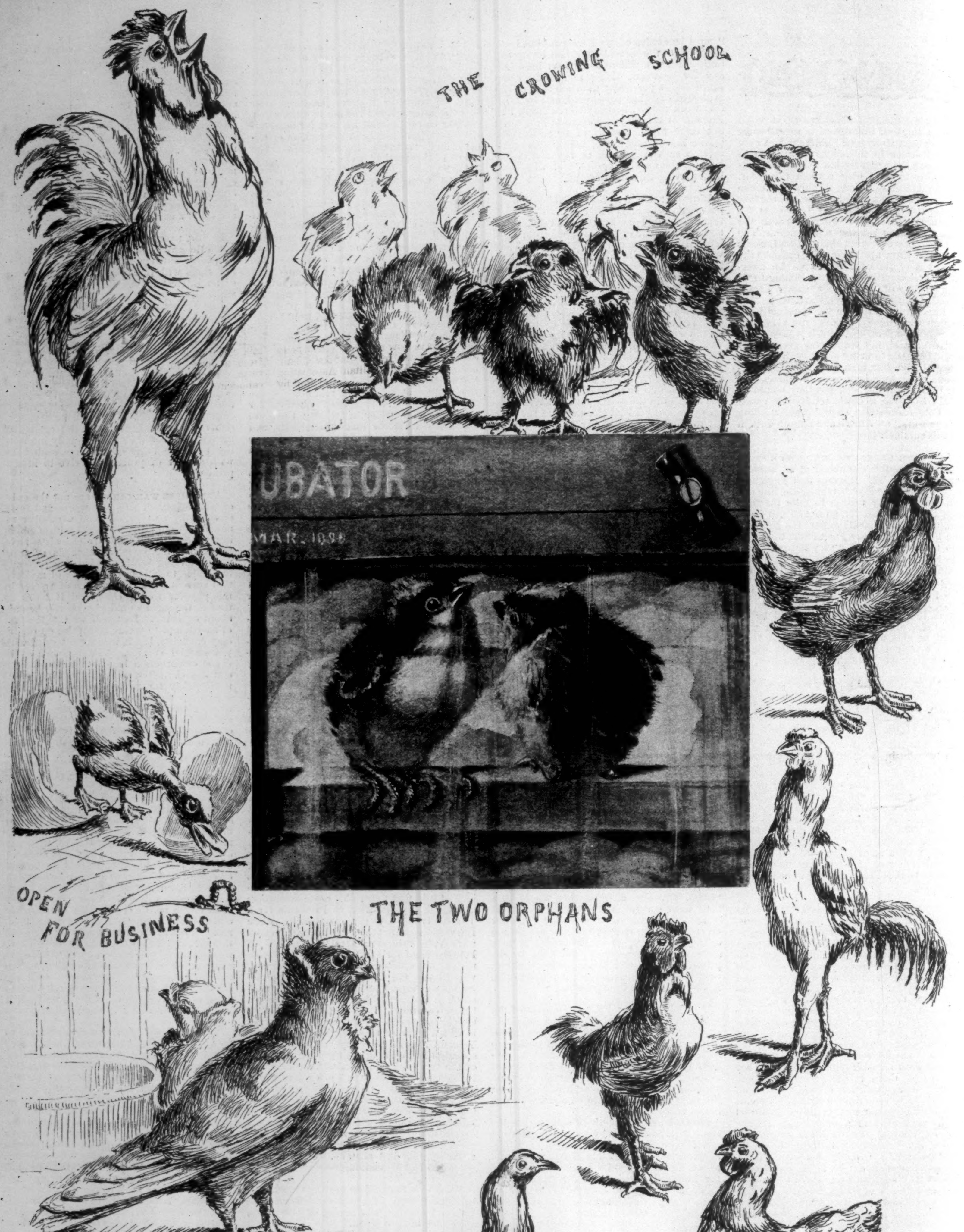
AND THESE WAR CANOES are not the only ones building. There are rumors, and from trustworthy sources, of quite a number of new racers building. It is not a little amusing to note how suddenly canoeists have fallen into the secretive methods of their yacht-building brothers. No one pretends to be able to fathom the depths of mystery that surround the construction of a yacht in the popular racing class, and it looks as though the same would very shortly be true about canoeing. Last year we saw the first of an attempt to spring a surprise on the racing canoeists, but it was not attended with pronounced success. The innovations in canoe construction have not yet reached a startling character, and those that have been made solely for racing purposes have not been even fairly successful. At any rate, let us give canoeing every possible encouragement. It is the one sport which throughout the land stands absolutely above reproach so far as its amateur status is concerned.

THE SALE OF THE 40-FOOTER *Gossoon*, by the Adams brothers, to Charles A. Morse, Jun., owner of the Burgess 30-footer *Saracen*, rather gives color to the rumor that we shall see the Adams boys as competitors in the 46-footer class. *Beatrix*, the centre-board forty-sixer, which many believe, with her owner, Charles A. Prince, has never shown her best speed, has been offered to the late owners of the *Gossoon* at a figure low enough to be tempting. But it is not at all likely the Adamses will make their début in this most recent racing class with a second-hand craft. That is not their way of doing business. They are both sportsmen through and through, and if they enter the 46-footer class, it is quite probable that they will build, especially as there is abundance of time before the season opens. Their record with the *Gossoon* is sufficient guarantee that if they do bring out a rival to one of the *Glorianas*, it will be sailed for all it is worth.

THE FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS, to be held in the Hoboken Rink, on the 9th, will be interesting, chiefly because of the contest between George D. Phillips and Rubinstein, the Canadian. Last year, for the first time since '64, the championship resulted in a tie—Rubinstein and Phillips each securing 71 points. The former has been competing since '76, and never lost a championship, though Phillips has always been very near to him. The Canadian is marvellous in "place" skating, but his style is awkward, while Phillips is the personification of grace, and is, moreover, an improving man. It is for these reasons he is somewhat of a favorite for the championship this year. Mr. Bacon, the New England champion, will also compete probably; he is very skilful, but outclassed by these two very brilliant performers.

REFERRING TO THE SCHEME for an All English Athletic Festival, on which we commented in a recent issue, we have since read the full correspondence and two articles on the subject in *Greater Britain*, all of which go to prove the sincerity of Mr. Cooper's desire to bring about an international meeting, but still leave us in the dark as to the restrictions of entries. Indeed, there seems to be no restriction. Both letters and articles read as though every English-speaking athlete, whether amateur or professional, would be welcomed. If this is a fact, of course we cannot entertain the idea of co-operation for a moment. Not only must the "festival" be strictly amateur to gain our support, but we must have the privilege of scrutinizing the entries. All is not gold that glitters, either on the other side of the water or this.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.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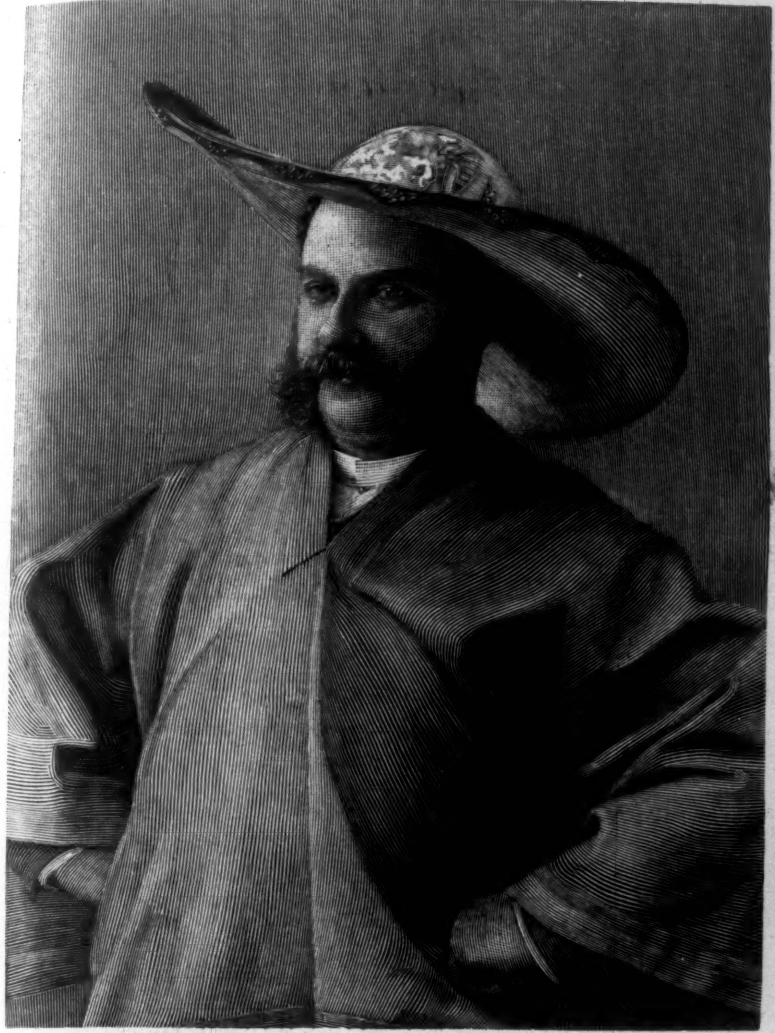
AT THE POULTRY SHOW.—Drawn by Robert F. Bloodgood.—[See Page 138.]



COLONEL JOHN T. NORTH, THE NITRATE KING.—[SEE PAGE 142.]

FACTS ABOUT OUR RAILROADS.

To gather the statistics from the great corporations which operate the American railways is not a simple work of a day or so, but takes time. It is only just now that we know, from the government reports, what the railway business amounted to for the year ending June 30, 1890, eighteen months ago. The mileage at that time was 163,597, an increase during the year of 5838 miles. This increase, it is of interest to note, was greatest in that group of States formed by Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida, where were built during the year 1370 miles, or 23 per cent. of the whole increase. In the State of Georgia the increase was 438 miles, and this was more than in any other State in the Union.

These roads are owned and operated by 1797 companies, but about one-half of the mileage is operated by forty companies. The gross revenue of these roads for the year mentioned was $1,051,877,632, but 80 per cent. of this revenue was divided among seventy-five roads. Large roads must do cheaper work than smaller ones, as these seventy-five roads carried 83½ per cent. of the passengers, and 85⅓ per cent. of the freight. To operate the railways required the services of 749,301 men. This was an increase of 44,558 men over the previous year, and added an average of 20 men to the operating force on every 100 miles of road in the country.

In arriving at the capitalization of these great properties accurate statistics have been obtained on only 156,404 miles. The capitalization for this mileage is $9,437,353,372, or $60,340 per mile. At the same rate the capitalization of all the mileage would bring the total up to about ten thousand millions. This is certainly a great amount of money; but dividends were not paid during the year on 63.76 per cent. of the capital stock. The surplus from operating these roads was $12,070,383, a decrease of $7,387,155 from that of the year before. The passengers carried were 492,430,865, an increase of 20,259,522, and the average journey of each passenger was 24.06 miles.

The record of accidents is interesting and instructive. In round numbers there were of employés killed 2451, and injured 22,396. Of passengers and others there were killed 3598, and injured 4206. Of the former class the train-men numbered 1459 killed and 13,172 injured, while in the second class, of the passengers, 286 were killed and 2425 wounded. The others are chiefly set down as trespassers. Coupling and uncoupling cars seem to be the most hazardous occupations in which railroad men can be employed, as 369 were killed in this way in the year, and 7842 injured, though 561 men were killed by falling from trains and engines, and 2363 injured. The causes of mishaps to passengers were from collisions, derailments, and other train accidents. Carrying out these figures, we find that one death occurs among employés for every 306 men employed, and one injury for every 33 men employed. This is an increase in the casualties over the previous year, when the rate was only a death to 357 men, and an injury to every 35 men.

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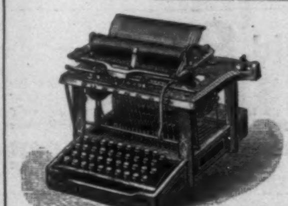

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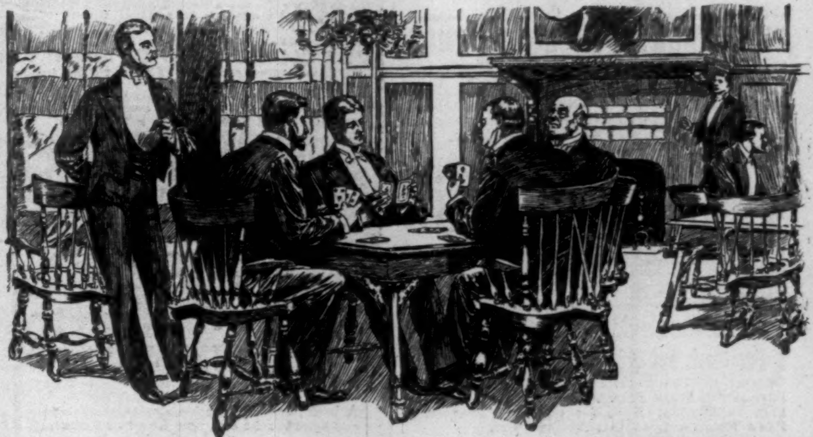

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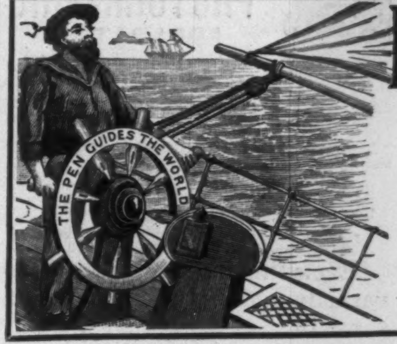

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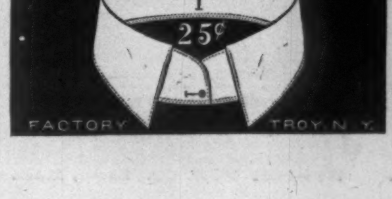

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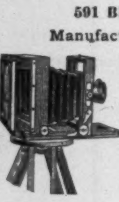

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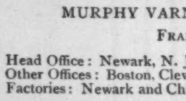

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CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

(*Continued from page 137.*)

the 19th of October, 1856, when the hall was scarcely finished, he preached in this vast audience-room, and a slight banister leading to one of the galleries broke before the press of the throng, when an alarm of fire was raised, and the mass of people were thrown into a panic. The scene which followed cannot be described, and about a dozen persons were trodden to death, while many others were seriously injured. For weeks the shock prostrated Mr. Spurgeon and confined him to his bed, and the press denounced him as a "monster," a "mountebank," a "young religious clown," and so forth, until the strong man was almost crushed beneath these calumnies. But he and his church rallied above this calamity, and the same month they took the first steps toward building the great Tabernacle at Newington. The foundation-stone of this building was laid by Sir Morton Peto, August 16, 1859, and the edifice was dedicated March 25, 1861, free from debt, although it cost $155,000. When the church left New Park Street its communicants numbered 1178, and now they number not far from 6000. From the time of its erection until the present, 5500 persons have regularly been furnished with seats in the Tabernacle, and 1000 more with standing-room, making in all a constant attendance of 6500 for thirty years together.

During all these years the Tabernacle has been one of the great centres of attraction in the metropolis of the world. Men of thought and position, of learning and distinction, in all the spheres of life, citizens of London, and visitors from the ends of the earth, have alike felt that they would do themselves a serious injustice if they failed to hear the great Puritan of the seventeenth century preach in the latter half of the nineteenth. As in the case of many other distinguished preachers, his auditors have been at a loss to account for the spell under which he held them, and the charm of which they never wearied. Greater orators, scholars, theologians, rhetoricians, and profounder thinkers may have addressed them, but never captivated their souls in such perfect subjection; and the question has been almost universal, "Wherein lies this man's great power?" Countless multitudes of the poor and unlettered have hung upon his lips with rapture and profit, under every imaginable circumstance, and have left his ministry under the impression that they never understood the gospel before, if indeed they had ever before heard it all. Nor has any one yet been able to point out any one distinguishing power which stood out pre-eminently above all others.

Yet all perceptive minds have discovered in Mr. Spurgeon a combination of gifts, graces, and energies which very seldom meet in any man, and the whole galaxy has met in the same person only at long intervals of time. Until within a few years, his physique was so robust as to defy the fatigue of all labor, no matter of what character or amount. His voice was rich, of large volume, full of melody, and under perfect command, so that he could whisper or thunder at pleasure, and twenty thousand people would catch his sympathetic words. His countenance bespoke every coming emotion of his soul, and all his movements harmonized instinctively with his sentiments, while his entire manner was free, earnest, fearless, and natural. He was blessed with a most perfect verbal memory, which retained all that he ever read or saw or heard with a tenacity which few men know, and he could recall every item committed to its keeping at will. His tastes as to language inclined to the nervous and quaint old Saxon, especially that of the Elizabethan age. His heart was true and tender, his imagination pure and fertile, and his convictions living and magnetic. As a rule, he dealt in the pulpit only with what he believed to be the old gospel truths which occupied Christ's mind and challenged all the reverence of the apostles. With all his soul he believed in every reality of time and eternity, and loved the immortal interests of his fellow-men with a consuming intensity; hence he spoke as a man sent directly from God on a personal embassy. Add to this a thorough knowledge of human nature, a stout common-sense, a great talent for illustration, and an aptitude for organizing and administering all the productions of his clear mind, and it is apparent that it would be miraculous for such a preacher to be a failure. If his ministry were not of the most marked order, both nature and the gospel would have been untrue to themselves.

In 1854 he began to publish his sermons weekly, and they have appeared in a yearly volume since 1856, so that more than thirty volumes have been issued, many of which have been translated and printed in various languages. Besides these, he has given the world a commentary of seven volumes, known as *The Treasury of David*, a work of boundless labor; *John Ploughman's Talk; The Saint and his Saviour; Lectures to my Students;* and two most valuable works on devotion, known as *Morning by Morning* and *Evening by Evening*. In addition to all this he has edited a monthly magazine, *The Sword and Trowel*, since 1865, and penned a countless number of articles on miscellaneous subjects.

Few men have possessed his talent for organization. In 1856 he commenced his Pastors' College, for the education of young men for the gospel ministry, principally those who had been converted under his own ministry. They were mostly poor, and he began simply to help them to a free education, but he soon found it needful to furnish them with books, clothing, food, and other necessaries. This burden put him to all sorts of straits, but in one honorable way after another sufficient funds have been raised, until instead of a handful of students, with which he began, for about thirty years they have numbered from seventy-five to one hundred annually; and now the graduates of the institution occupy some of the first pulpits in Great Britain. The college buildings alone have cost about $75,000, besides the support of a competent corps of tutors, and that of many hundreds of students.

In 1866 Mrs. Hillyard, the widow of a clergyman in the Church of England, offered to give Mr. Spurgeon $100,000 as a fund for the establishment of a home for fatherless boys. Dreading this new responsibility, he advised her to give the money to Mr. Müller, of Bristol, for the same purpose. But she pressed the claims of London, and in 1867 a legal corporation was organized, and an Orphanage was established at Stockwell.

The Colportage Association is also a child of Mr. Spurgeon's zeal. For many years it has employed between seventy-five and one hundred colporteurs, and they circulate books annually of a value of about $50,000.

No man in the ministry can be a greater debtor to his wife than was Mr. Spurgeon. She is the daughter of Robert Thompson, of Falcon Square, London. They were married January 8, 1856, and were blessed with twin sons—Charles and Thomas—both of whom became clergymen of high ability.

THE NITRATE KING.

COLONEL NORTH (John Thomas he was christened) is now many times a millionaire, but fifty years ago he was almost as poor a boy as was to be found in the neighborhood of Leeds. His father was a mechanic, and the son had the advantages of the ordinary schools until he was fifteen, when he was apprenticed to a firm of wheelwrights and engineers. Later he was in the employ of the great steam-plough builders the Fowlers, of Leeds, and there he became a kind of sub-foreman. When he had married a girl in a higher social station than his own—social station was regulated in Leeds then, as it is now, by one's personal possessions—and his father had died the young man sought his fortune in South America. This was in 1866. When he arrived in Chili, he found employment as a railway engineer. For eighteen months he retained this position, and then went to Peru, where the nitrate beds had already begun to attract attention.

From small beginnings and purchases before the "boom" set in, North, in the course of a few years, became the most considerable owner of nitrate properties in the territory of Tarapacá. He was a masterful and resourceful man, and each success led to another. So, after a while, he had a controlling interest in pretty nearly all that was valuable in the territory in which his special interests were. He owned the Arica Water Company, he owned the railways into the nitrate beds, and he had such favorable contracts with the steamship companies that the business of gathering and shipping nitrates was a monopoly in his hands.

Having firmly fixed his hold on these rich South American properties, he went back to England. It was not long before he secured the popular title of Nitrate King, and not long after that he was made the Honorary Colonel of the Tower Hamlet Regiment of Volunteers. Now he wanted social distinction of a metropolitan character, that is, he wished to be bidden to choice feasts in the West End of London. Those in the City he got for the asking—money counts there as it does nowhere else in the world. But in the West End the drawing-room doors do not open so easily, though to him who hath the secret of putting the golden key in the lock, doubtless the hinges unswing with prompt alacrity, and they unswung to the Nitrate King.

He came out as a sportsman—a yachtsman, and a racing-man with both dogs and horses. Meantime he began the building of a palace at Eltham, in the county of Kent. This kind of activity attracted the attention of no less a person than the Prince of Wales, and they soon became friends, and thus he secured a certain kind of social vogue.

In person Colonel John Thomas North is of medium height and only moderately stout, not weighing perhaps more than 150 pounds. His hair is of a yellowish-red, while his whiskers and mustache are somewhat lighter and streaked with gray. His chin is shaven as is the English fashion. His complexion is ruddy, as becomes a Yorkshireman, and by-the-way, though so long accustomed to speak the soft Spanish tongue, when he delivers himself in English the burr of the north of England is most conspicuous. In dress he would be called quiet were it not for his diamonds and jewelry. In manner he is bluff and hearty when in good-humor, but when crossed in his purposes he is not so smooth.

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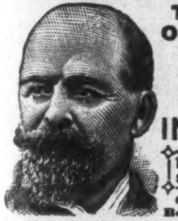

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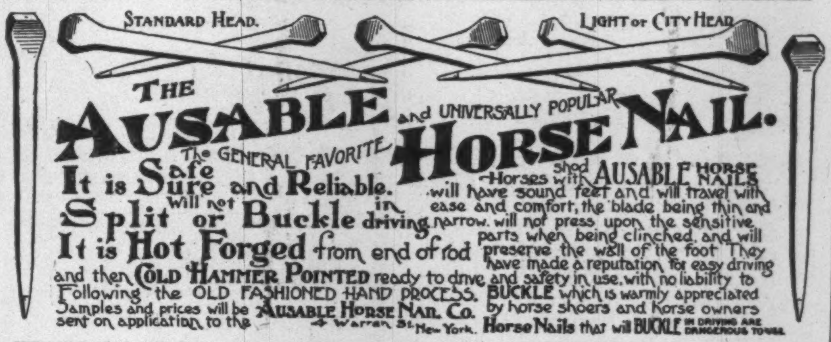

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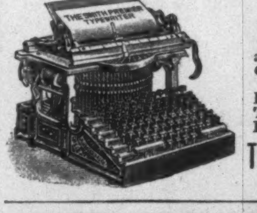

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